This Week

Annual Education Issue

Cover Photograph from "Gandhi's Autobiography"

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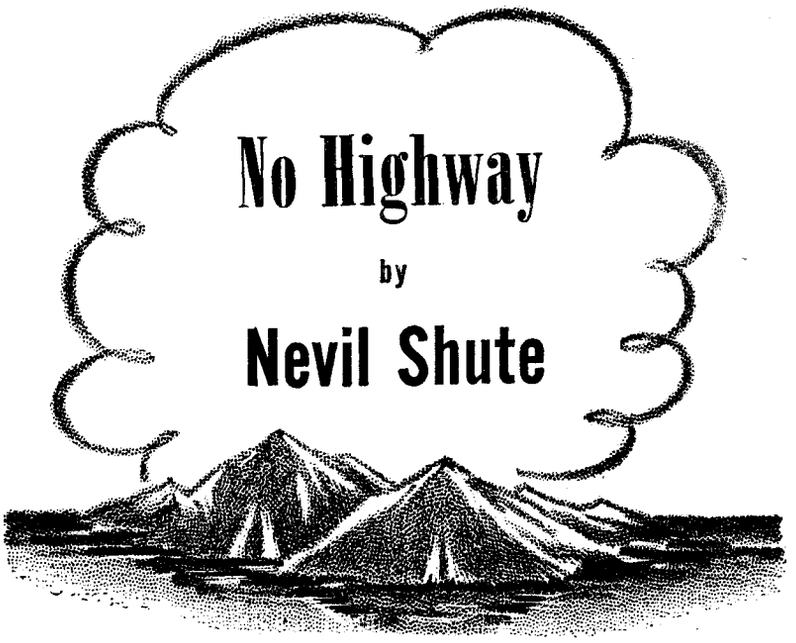
SEPTEMBER 11, 1948



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MORROW • MORROW • MORROW • MORROW • MORROW • MORROW • MORROW • MORROW

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MORROW

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A million young people will be better citizens...

because of a Comics Magazine character!

At 5:15 pm five days a week, in millions of homes, the children turn to the radio for the Superman program.

During the broadcast of January 5th, listeners were told about a Hidden Word Contest...and asked to pick from the next five broadcasts five not very subtly hidden words which comprised an expression in the Declaration of Independence... *All Men Are Created Equal*...and to tell in a letter what the expression meant to them. Small prizes were offered—belts, candy, gum, etc.

Sixty-nine sacks of mail came in the day after the Contest opened...941,673 letters in a week . . . and the total returns subsequently topped a million!

The letters came on monogrammed note sheets and scraps of scratch paper, from big towns and little, from all age groups. Many showed the prompting of parents or teachers.

The letters were stirring evidence that the young writers had a true, clear understanding of civic equality . . . are less likely to grow up with phobias and prejudices which make life harder for millions, endanger the future of democratic government.

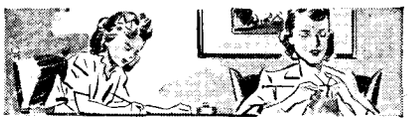
The million letters had been inspired by a comics magazine character—Superman!

The instance related is far from unique. Superman is no novice in good works and causes . . . has aided Government drives for War Bonds, fat salvage, waste paper, tin, scrap metal...has helped swell the Hospital Fund of Cleveland, the March of Dimes, Advent Boxes of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, the Navy literacy program, and helped publicize dental hygiene, books for schools and libraries, and fire prevention.

Comics magazines were first appreciated by the advertiser for their juvenile appeal.

Psychologists later recognized that the comics magazines' combination of picture and text, visual and verbal expression, made ideas and information easier to absorb. The comics techniques are now widely used in teaching, publishing and advertising. Some day, most of your children's textbooks will look like the comics magazines.

But few people, parents in particular, are aware of the comics magazines as a *major moral force.*



Morality is simple for the child, grows steadily more complex as the person grows older. Precept and practice often contradict. In the public press, evil is reported casually with no connection between cause and effect apparent. While parental censorship in the home may keep publications away from the children . . . it fails to keep children away from publications. They find in the homes of others the delights denied in their own.

The comics magazine, because of its young audience, must adhere closely to the child's code ... distinguishing clearly between right and wrong, never leave the issue in doubt. In the conventional comics magazine story, the good wins and the bad loses; virtue is vindicated and the evil doer vanquished—before the story ends.

In contrast to unregulated reading, the comics are a highly salutary recreation.

Nobody in his right mind regards the comics as a substitute for home training or supervised education. religious instruction, normal discipline.

With respect to maladjusted children . . . deficient in natural faculties, education and environment—any influence may prove to be unwholesome . . . It is on record that Cain killed his brother. And Peter Rabbit *stole a carrot*, if we remember rightly! The premise that comics magazines are a sole or predominant influence is not sound.

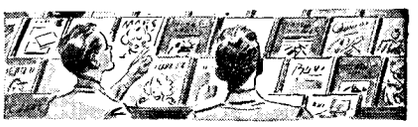
As publishers of one of the largest groups of comics magazines, we cannot pretend to defend the content of all comics magazines. Whenever proper restrictions in publishing for the young audience are not consistently observed, the magazines warrant criticism.

National Comics considers publishing a public franchise...with the obligation to publish nothing harmful to the sensibilities and moral values of young readers.

To safeguard the standards of our comic publications, this Company some years ago established an Editorial Advisory Board of competent educators and psychologists.

The Board worked out a code which is faithfully followed by our editors for story, character, incidents, and speech. It protects our readers, and has never lessened the popularity of our publications.

The National Comics Editorial Advisory Board now consists of: Miss Josette Frank, Consultant Children's Reading, Child Study Association of America; Dr. Lauretta Bender, Associate Professor of Psychiatry, New York University; Dr. W. W. D. Sones, Professor of Education, University of Pittsburgh; and Dr. S. Harcourt Peppard, Acting Director Child Guidance Bureau, City of New York.



Because the comics magazine is such an important factor with children, we urge parents and teachers to watch and study those read by their children.

We invite your inspection of National Comics magazines, which can be identified by the Superman D-C symbol on the corner of the cover. We welcome your comments, critical or otherwise.

NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

480 Lexington Avenue, New York City

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TRADE Winds

THIS COLUMN is being written with the temperature at 101°. Everybody is hot and uncomfortable. The humidity is only partly responsible. The day-to-day headlines are playing a big part. If the Kremlin's strategy really consists in annoying the rest of the world into a state where it will take some drastic and irrevocable step out of sheer exasperation, the man who is directing the individual moves is performing flawlessly.

A Washington commentator, intending to reassure his listeners, urged them to ignore the pin-pricks, threats, and daily skirmishes. "Consider the Western powers and the Soviet," he suggested, "to be two cocky youngsters making faces at each other, and sneering 'n-n-nah.' Neither really wants to fight. It's just a game of bluff." This all would be very well if the two cocky youngsters didn't happen to be playing with atomic bombs, and not only standing on the edge of a bottomless precipice, but certain to pull the whole world along if either of them slips!

The endless bickerings of Clay and Sokolovsky in Berlin prompted "Sagitarius" to write for the London *New Statesman* this parody of a popular song from "Annie Get Your Gun":

(With acknowledgments to Irving Berlin.)

Sokolovsky: Any time you get tough
I can get tougher,
Either get out or I put on the screw,
Any boast you can make shows you a bluffer,
I'm not a bluffer, I'm tougher than you.
Clay: That's all blah.
Sokolovsky: You're in a spot.
Clay: No, you are!
Sokolovsky: No, I'm not.
Clay: Any bid you can make, I will bid double,
You can't swing Berlin with your ballyhoo,
If you blockade you are asking for trouble,
I can make double the trouble for you.
Sokolovsky: Anything you can do won't stop my Ostmarks,
For every mark you pay I will give two,
Any Berliner knows deutschmarks are lost marks,
I can stamp currency faster than you.
Clay: Everyone knows I can beat your embargo,
Any blockade you lay I can break through,
I keep air corridors clear for my cargo,
I can keep going much better than you.
Sokolovsky: Stop that York!
Clay: Stop that Yak!
Come and talk!
Sokolovsky: You get back!
Sokolovsky: Any time you get mean I will get meaner,
For Soviet silk stockings the hausfrau will queue,
The New Look from Moscow will tempt the Berliner,
I can supply them much better than you.
Clay: Anything you can do won't stop the rations,
All my shop windows have plenty on view,
British are smarter than Soviet fashions,
I can dress frauleins much better than you.
Sokolovsky: Any note you can send, I'll send one stronger,
I'll send you packing, whatever you do.
Clay: Any time you can stay, I can stay longer,
I'll hold out longer, I'm stronger than you.
Sokolovsky: No, you're not!
Clay: Yes I am!
Sokolovsky: No you're not.
Clay: Yes I am . . .

THE MOST AGGRAVATING feature of the Berlin impasse is the knowledge that it never would have arisen had America been tougher and realistic at the outset of the peace. "These Russians are our friends," we reasoned. "They have fought magnificently and suffered grievously. We must let them have the honor of taking Berlin. Details can be worked out later."

That was the great mistake. Now we know that, with the Kremlin at least, there can be no such thing as true "good will" in international negotiations. Trump cards must be played when we have them. Definite agreements must be made when we are in a position to dictate terms. Depending on understanding and fair play was reckless folly. Once we had made this miscalculation, we were off balance completely. Every move made since in regard to Berlin has been an improvisation. As our position becomes more exposed and more dangerous, the knowledge that it is the result of our own blundering is more galling. The impulse becomes stronger, too, to put

"You can grow up to be President of the U.S. if you want . . . I'm going to be the Senator from Mississippi and tell you what to do!"

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For 11 straight weeks the nation's* #1 bestseller!

*N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Remember the name:

NORMAN MAILER

With this one astonishing book, he joins the ranks of major American novelists."
— *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $4.00

the Naked and the Dead

"The story of Edwina and the hunted killer under the same roof, with fear finally giving way to a strange unbreakable bond of understanding between them, gives Miss Godden full opportunity to show us how deft she is at driving headlong toward the terrifying climax of her extraordinarily fine novel."
— *Saturday Review of Literature* $2.75

The House by the Sea

By JON GODDEN

"Here is Gertrude Stein writing, appraising pictures, walking her dog, bickering with Miss Toklas, driving her automobile . . . As one of the remarkable personalities of our time she is presented in this sympathetic, and quite delightful reminiscence and appreciation."
— *Philadelphia Inquirer* $3.00

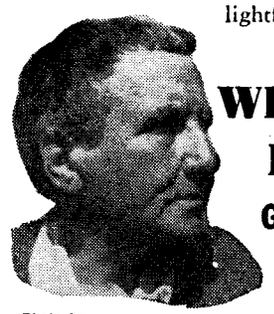

Photo by CARL VAN VECHTEN

When this You See Remember Me:

GERTRUDE STEIN IN PERSON

By W. G. ROGERS

At all bookstores

Rinehart & Company—*Publishers*

our trust in the military, and believe any neurotic accuser who labels his enemies "spies," "traitors," and "Communists." How else can you explain the complacence with which the country has accepted the reckless besmirching of reputations in Washington, and the shocking "witch hunt" that Bert Andrews, *New York Herald Tribune* Pulitzer Prize winner, has described so graphically?

The danger to individual liberty in an atmosphere where Constitutional safeguards can be swept aside without protest is emphasized in a passage written over a hundred years ago by John Jewkes, of the University of Manchester, for the London *Times*. Walter Lippmann unearthed it:

> The greatest tyranny has the smallest beginning. From precedents overlooked, from remonstrances despised, from grievances treated with ridicule, from powerless men oppressed with impunity, and overbearing men tolerated with complacence, springs the tyrannical usage which generations of wise and good men may hereafter perceive and lament and resist in vain. At present, common minds no more see a crushing tyranny in trivial unfairness or a ludicrous indignity, than the eye uninformed by reason can discern the oak in the acorn, or the utter desolation of winter in the first autumnal fall. Hence the necessity of denouncing with unwearied and even troublesome perseverance a single act of oppression. Let it alone and it stands on record. The country has allowed it and when it is at last provoked to a late indignation it finds itself gagged with the record of its own ill compulsion . . .

WHILE IT IS TRUE that this year you cannot quite escape from the worries

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about war, inflation, and the preservation of democracy, a couple of weeks in the open air is certainly a help. This year I chose Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod, for my vacation. I'll tell about it next week. I drove up with Morrie Werner, author of "Barnum" and "Tammany Hall," and en route he read me this pertinent paragraph from an article by A. J. Liebling in *Esquire*:

> The Great Outdoors is antisocial. Wars are made outdoors. Children are made indoors in a great majority of instances. A nation of nonpicnickers, non-camp-outers, and kids who wan't go to the toilet outdoors is *ipso facto* a peaceful nation, which will refrain from expeditions beyond the Grand Central Terminal. The Mongols ravaged Europe because they were so crazy about the Great Outdoors that they wanted to turn everything into it.

JUST BEFORE ANOTHER publisher departed for a rest in the mountains, he tried out a new secretary. She was mighty pretty, too. The publisher tightened his orange cravat, flicked a grain of dust off his magenta trousers, and dictated a seven-page letter to a famous German novelist. When he finished an hour later, he found the big, beautiful, blue eyes of his secretary fixed on his.

"It was a wonderful letter," she assured him breathlessly, "but I hope you'll excuse me for one thing. I didn't quite get what you said between 'My dear Thomas' and 'As ever yours'."

BENNETT CERF.

Thistle, Yarrow, Clover

By Kenneth Porter

I CROSS a weedy meadow
casting my sunset shadow

on thistle, yarrow, clover:
I name them over and over.

I hear a bobwhite's whistle
in clover, yarrow, thistle,

and pass a rusty harrow
in thistle, clover, yarrow.

My twilight vision follows
the twisting flight of swallows,

the nighthawks' swoop and hover
above the fields whose cover

is all a fading bristle
of yarrow, clover, thistle.

My dimming sight shall narrow
on thistle, clover, yarrow:

thistle, yarrow, clover—
I name them over and over.

GOOD NEWS about Long Distance

Today, Long Distance calls go through in about two minutes on the average. Now and then there are delays, but we're handling nine out of ten calls while you hold the line.

We've added many new circuits and switchboards and more are coming along. Our operators know their job.

Our aim is to put your out-of-town calls through faster than ever before. And we're working hard to do it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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An urgent message to the American people by

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

A famed airman and student of science attacks the scientific materialism which is endangering the survival of our very civilization—and offers a desperately needed solution.

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Of Flight and Life

"One of the great novels of our time..."

—LORD DUNSANY

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by ANNE CRONE

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$3.00

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by Baynard Kendrick $3.00

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY
by Alan Paton $3.00

THE LAST BILLIONAIRE: HENRY FORD
by William C. Richards $3.75

Charles Scribner's Sons

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Prowling for Campus Presidents

DIXON WECTER

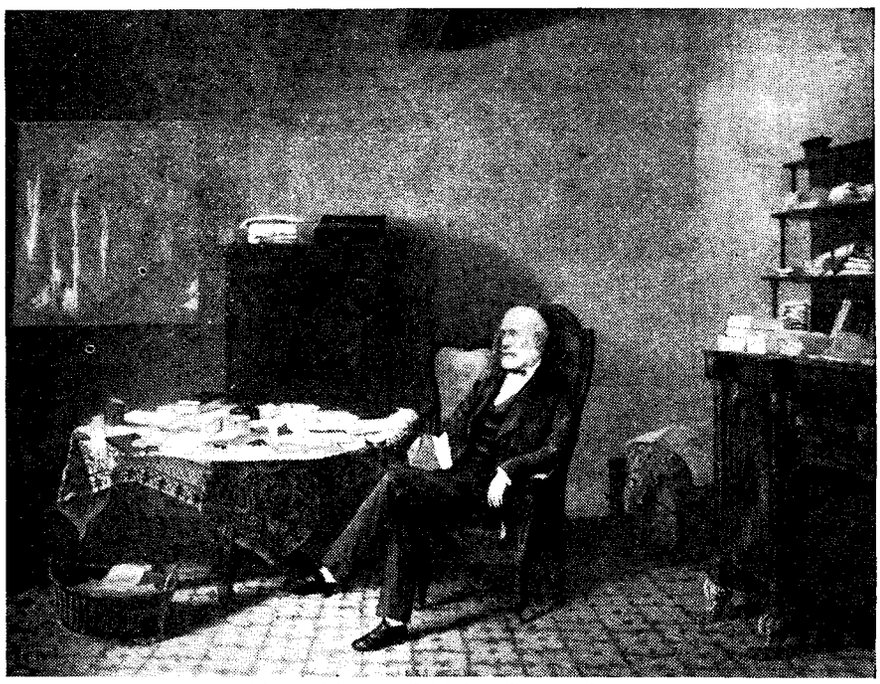
SOON after V-J Day the rumor ran that every four-star general in the field was under scrutiny by at least one university in search of a president. Battle heroes used to become Chief Executives of the nation, as witnessed by the yield of every war up to 1917-18, when the tradition faltered. (Major Truman, first khaki veteran to sit in the White House, hardly owes his place to martial glamor.) But today, despite high public favor for one elusive hero of the Second World War, the expectations of even a very popular general rarely go beyond becoming president, lower case, in an executive chair over which the laurel and ivy intertwine.

Everybody recalls the example of General Lee's retirement to the shades of Washington College. Indeed, in the South, among campuses not having that other regional penchant for clergymen, ribbons and brass wield more presidential persuasion than, say, in the Middlewest. Thus Louisiana State University—whose first head, by the way, was William Tecumseh Sherman, 1859-1861—eight or nine years ago turned over a new leaf, after the soiled bookkeeping of an embezzler from the Long regime, by appointing in his place the late Major General Campbell Hodges. Nor has the Navy been overlooked. In 1945, the University of South Carolina found a new commander in Rear Admiral Norman M. Smith. Last year the most picturesque naval hero of our times, Admiral Halsey, was engaged by the University of Virginia—not as president, a post filled by ex-Governor Darden, nor rector, an eminence held by ex-diplomat Edward Stettinius—but as public-relations officer in charge of fund-raising.

The logic of hero-into-president is not hard to follow. Among the smaller old-fashioned institutions, the experience of those who have commanded young men is thought fitting, since "prexy" is regarded as a kind of disciplinarian and father surrogate. ("Dear X," a fond mother is said to have written, "will you see that my son John, a member of the freshman class, is drinking his daily quart of milk?") In the big cosmopolitan university, on the other hand, contact between president and student body is limited almost wholly to signing diplomas. But such an institution can well be conceived as a multiple operation, whose essence is efficient coordination—possibly like the deployment of an army group or fleet. And (some will add) with the occasional object of enfilading the ranks of alumni and men of property with a brisk fire of publicity and solicitation. Furthermore, various traits helpful to the successful officer—commanding physique and other intangibles of leadership, clean-cut personality, self-confidence, a certain toughness of hide and soul—tend also to mark the civilian executive, to which hero-worship of the soldier joins a further advantage.

To generalize about generals is rash; the best of them remain individuals rather than types. Lee seems to have made a fair president at Lexington, his stiffness tempered by kindliness, his innocence buttressed by sentiment. Among personalities of the last war, Columbia University has taken the pick. President Eisenhower is suited to his new role less by reason of long military schooling than because his basic instincts appear so reassuringly civilian. Apparently a middle-of-the-road liberal, with an alert mind and engaging grin, he stands in no danger of confusion with such familiar West Point types as the bristling fire-eater, old fuss-and-feathers, engineering martinet, or military shogun. What he learned in directing the greatest operations ever carried out in mechanized warfare bears less upon the academic scene than his astonishing record in arbitrating rivalries more deadly than anything he will ever meet on Morningside Heights. Otherwise he is largely an unknown.

Columbia and its milieu are both



—Lithograph by A. J. Volck from Roy Meredith's "The Face of Robert E. Lee."

Lee in his study at Washington College—"To generalize about generals is rash."

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complex. Anglophile Nicholas Murray Butler delighted to compare his institution with the British Commonwealth of Nations. Eisenhower becomes far less a potentate than a prime minister, among faculties that are extraordinarily autonomous, so that what he happens not to know about routine collegiate administration cuts little ice. To speak of Butler, the muse of historic irony cannot help contrasting the late firm denial of the Draft Eisenhower movement from both sides with the wistful prolonged availability of the old doctor. ("Pick Nick for a Picnic in November" was offered the unimpressed public back in 1920.) As the most sought-after American of the hour, Eisenhower will win the university friends and influence donors, and this is frankly expected. A wag's description of Columbia as "cloisters on the half shell" brings to mind the steady wash against its walls of a vast metropolis—a community which the UN has now invested with the status of world capital, adding to the presidency of its greatest university an international dimension that Butler would have been the first to relish. Before his trustees the president of Columbia sits in the historic chair of Ben Franklin, perhaps a symbol that versatility is of the essence. From the Battle of the Bulge to the battle of the budget is no impossible transfer.

Campuses are always on the prowl for presidents. The first shall be last, in security of tenure, and we are told that the average term of office these days—what with trustee disagreements, irate alumni, local politics, restiveness, stomach ulcers, and hypertension—is less than five years, in contrast to the calm half-century harvest of a Butler or Kirkland. A hearty extrovert, with steady nerves, speech-making stamina, and an infinite tolerance for dining-out, seems well-nigh indispensable; otherwise the pace proves almost as killing as in the White House, though most casualties choose resignation to death in harness. And the president's wife is a subject in herself; her social endurance must match her husband's, although it is generally granted that her gifts of wit and beauty had better inspire the lightest touch of sympathy rather than envy.

TO speak of trends in presidential types is not easy. The past month, for example, saw two major appointments seemingly in contrary directions: Harold Stassen to the University of Pennsylvania and Detlef W. Bronk from a deanship on the same campus to Johns Hopkins. The latter choice is more traditional: an able, hard-working specialist in medical physics, lacking political glamor and small-talk, to head a university whose abiding glory even in its present dignified wane lies in its medical school. Within the past year or two other institutions with strong scientific bent like Washington University in St. Louis, Rice Institute in Houston, California Institute of Technology, and the Institute for Advanced Study have found captains among the physicists—a tribute, whether conscious or not, to that research which now holds cosmic forces of life and death in the hollow of its hand. Two of four biggest state universities, Wisconsin and Texas, have called presidents from their biology departments.

The choice of Mr. Stassen is more speculative. His impressive physique, vitality, liberal conservatism, and much-publicized spokesmanship for youth are among the assets. The University of Pennsylvania, with its problems of endowment and coordination, stands to benefit by his skill as public-relations officer and organizer, while its solid rather than exciting traditions may demand an energizer. Qualities that made him a good vote-getter will probably make him a successful gold-getter. Penn's experiment in picking a career politician will be watched with national interest.

Does the diverted aspirant for high public office mark the latest in executive models? The also-ran of tomorrow, instead of being rowed up Salt River, may be chaired in triumph to Old Siwash. Stanford and other large universities now in quest of a chief might do well to await results of the November elections. One remarks a certain logic here also. Chancellor Hutchins shrewdly observes that the modern university administrator bears little resemblance to the business executive—since his staff members enjoy superior freedom, responsibility, and tenure—but rather to the political leader, who works perforce in a more democratic medium, by consultation and persuasion. (The late President Eliot once met a difficult decision by saying "It would be wiser for me first to consult a colleague." The precisian paused a moment and added: "No, *not* wiser—more polite.") Mr. Hutchins goes on to state that the university chief is additionally handicapped in power, since he lacks the leverage of party and patronage. This point seems to me more debatable, as it is possible to build an academic machine for dealing out pressures, promotions, and rewards to the faithful about as reliable

—Bachrach.

Herbert John Davis, a top research man, having set his "hand to the plow" is looking back.

Pach Bros.

Nicholas Murray Butler "delighted to compare his institution with the British Commonwealth of Nations."

—Nickolas Muray

Harold E. Stassen—"Qualities that made him a good vote-getter will probably make him a successful gold-getter."

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—*Warman.* —*Associated Press.*

James B. Conant "speaks wisely and well about the architecture of the higher learning in America."

Dwight D. Eisenhower—"What he happens not to know about routine collegiate administration cuts little ice."

Robert Gordon Sproul ". . . a knack for saying just the right word in a booming voice."

as those mechanisms patented under labels like Hague, Crump, and Grundy.

Life-members in the teaching guild often feel vaguely outraged by the elevation of an outsider like Mr. Stassen to the helm of a major university—akin to ranklings once stirred in the breasts of library-school graduates by Archibald MacLeish's accession as librarian of Congress. A few months ago the provost emeritus of the University of California, Monroe Deutsch, penned a warning against the trend toward nonacademic presidents. One who has never taught a class, never earned advanced degrees nor done research, declared the provost, cannot help passing many snap judgments, and uttering public views on education which represent an effort either to bluff with a pair of treys or else to employ cards that others have privily put up one's sleeve. Educational leadership, he added, is a much scarcer commodity than administrative talent—which can be bought on the open market in the shape of a vice president in charge of finances, a reliable comptroller, or business manager. The late Walter A. Jessup in his last report as head of the Carnegie Corporation noted anxiously that "managerial ability rather than educational leadership is the chief consideration in the selection of academic presidents." If with James Burnham we believe that the managers will inherit the earth, then this belongs to a basic drift. At all hazards we have here a dilemma more fundamental than that which used to agitate alumni in the ivy league, whether to pick a true son of alma mater or an outlander.

Changing patterns in presidents reflect changes in the universities themselves. In colonial days, when colleges like Harvard and Yale were planted largely to train young ministers, their typical head was a divine. The first incumbent of President Eisenhower's seat was the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of President-elect Stassen's chair another Episcopalian, the Rev. William Smith. Yet they were hardly more of a consistency than modern executives. Thus while Dr. Johnson turned out a sober scholar and great idealistic philosopher, his Philadelphia peer proved himself a better orator and cash-raiser, but not wholly an ornament to the cloth and the gown. Dr. Benjamin Rush, who knew him well, reported that "his person was slovenly and his manners awkward and often offensive in company . . . toward the close of his life an habitual drunkard . . . when angry he swore in the most extravagant manner." Ordination offers no infallible insurance against plucking a lemon.

But the clerical shepherd has long endured. Out of the 288 pre-Civil War college heads on record, no less than 262 were ordained clergymen, stated Boston University's President Daniel Marsh in 1944 at the inauguration of Russell Cole as head of Cornell College—after observing, in oblique tribute to both, that "all other things being equal, the best possible preliminary training for a college or university presidency is experience in the ministry." In Texas, Baylor University in 1948 chose a preacher as president for the first time in two generations, while its neighbor Southern Methodist University earlier made a like choice, and in 1946 Vanderbilt tapped a divinity-school dean. By tradition, it seems to me, the clergyman as a type has made a worthy though seldom very stimulating president, prone to lack intellectual venturesomeness, though well fitted by occupational training (if one may so phrase it) as a mendicant friar—like Princeton's revered President Witherspoon, who loved to go on what he called "foraging expeditions."

WITH wane of the cleric in the post-Appomattox era came the golden day of scholar-presidents and educational statesmen: Harvard's Eliot, Cornell's White, Hopkins's Gilman, Columbia's Barnard, Michigan's Angell, Chicago's Harper, Stanford's Jordan, and others. Several were brilliant research men, nearly all had been inspired preceptors, and every one had come up from the classroom and still would gladly teach as administrative time permitted. All became outstanding leaders and philosophers of education—not holding identical views, to be sure, but each with a grasp of first principles that gained him a respectful hearing before the whole world of learning. As a group they were the best stand of presidential timber we have grown.

But with bigger if not better universities the ripe scholar lost ground to the crack administrator and the executive type—sometimes an academic hybrid, like a commerce-school dean—surrounding himself with an atmosphere frankly imitative of Big Business. As a curious development, within the past few months two educational institutions—the University of Southern California and Olivet College—have chosen experts in radio law, while Ohio Wesleyan selected the U. S. Civil Service Commissioner. The executive type in turn shades off into

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Education.

"Better untaught than ill taught" runs an old proverb. We review below four titles concerned with the improvement of contemporary education, one historical study, and a popular biography of a great university. Henry Noble MacCracken discusses the contribution of the displaced scholars to postwar education. Ordway Tead, glancing at two books on British education, compares English experiences with ours. Kent Sagendorph's story of the University of Michigan gives us a picture of one of the great state institutions, while Caroline Pratt, pioneer in progressive education, looks back at her career in "I Learn from Children." The overcrowding of colleges since the war, mostly by eager veterans, is recognized as problem No. 1 by the publication of Lovejoy's "Guide to Colleges and Universities," designed to aid prospective students in their search for a berth in college. . . . Elsewhere in this issue you will find a check list of recent books on education.

Gallant 613

THE RESCUE OF SCIENCE AND LEARNING. By Stephen Duggan and Betty Drury. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 214 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

AS with the *Vagantes* of the Middle Ages, the world will presently forget the sufferings of the displaced scholars and remember only their romance. But our generation, which for ten years has welcomed the exiles from Europe, is still too close to the event to see them in the larger frame of the world's tragedy. We view them only as a highly specialized problem of adjustment between two cultures in a state of extreme emotional tension. Under such circumstances, the wonder is that we have not wholly failed.

I remember a day some ten years ago, when Stephen Duggan, then a Vassar trustee, proposed the name of Moritz Geiger as successor to our late Woodbridge Riley. We closed with the offer of the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars, and not long after that, a student said to me, "I have been talking with Professor Geiger. Just to pass him on the campus is a benediction."

Geiger was one of two hundred and eighty-eight scholars aided by grants from the Duggan Committee. These, in turn, had been chosen from four hundred and fifty-nine scholars who were finally listed by the Committee as teaching in the United States. One hundred and fifty-nine others were listed as employed in research laboratories and elsewhere outside of formal education. In all, six hundred and thirteen displaced scholars—gallant six hundred!

Even this tale of numbers tells but a fraction of the story. At Vassar, for example, where but five "grantees" were welcomed—no one college had more—the number of foreign displaced scholars was seventeen, or ten per cent of the faculty. Many scholars were aided by cultural organizations like the Kosciuszko Foundation, which helped Poles to escape to America. Others came through friends and relatives, and a few unaided, after an Odyssey epic in suffering and triumph. There was, of course, cooperation all along the line of exile. But the Emergency Committee was the one fully organized and financed program. Its story, as told by Mr. Duggan and Betty Drury, is a credit to American philanthropy. The great foundations bore the major expenses, but each cooperating college contributed also. If their stipends were niggardly at times, it must be remembered that budgets were hindered by rising costs, and the appeals were legion.

Less successful, perhaps, than the general plan and its superb administration under Mr. Duggan and his staff, were the problems of guidance. If ever sound psychiatry was needed, it was in the case of those displaced scholars. Their roots had been too deep in the culture of the mother country to stand transplanting without painful harm to mind and strength. Moreover, the American college was not prepared to receive them. Many of the scholars were Jews, and found to their surprise that Jews had not hitherto been admitted to the faculty. The petty quarrels and jealousies with which academic folks enliven the too even tenor of their way were too often focussed upon them.

Most of all, the difference in educational philosophy and techniques was fundamental.

To make this transition in good temper was a task that only the larger minds could perform. Mr. Duggan frankly reprints the criticisms both of German and of American colleagues that tell the story of misunderstanding, intolerance, and sometimes injustice that ensued.

With all this, however, the final verdict seems to be favorable. The displaced scholars have been the greatest single contribution to American education in its whole history. They have advanced research, raising teach-

—*N. Y. Mirror Photo.*

My Current Reading

Robert A. Millikan, distinguished elder scientist, Nobel prize winner, and an educator who holds twenty-two honorary degrees, is currently professor emeritus of the California Institute of Technology. Already author or co-author of some seventeen books, he is at work on an autobiography which Prentice-Hall hopes to publish early in 1949.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE FUTURE OF AMERICA, *by Sixteen American Scholars (Stanford University Press, 1941)*

A NATIONAL LABOR POLICY, *by Harold W. Metz and Meyer Jacobstein (Brookings Institute, 1947)*

EINSTEIN: *His Life and Times, by Philipp Frank (Knopf)*

THE ATLANTIC FRONTIER, *by Louis B. Wright (Knopf)*

THE GREAT REHEARSAL, *by Carl Van Doren (Viking)*

WHERE I STAND, *by Harold E. Stassen (Doubleday)*

ORIGINS OF THE BIBLE, *by T. G. Soares (Harper, 1941)*

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford)*

HUMAN DESTINY, *by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans)*

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON, *by Henry Hazlitt (Harper)*

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ing standards, broadened the cultural horizon, and helped American education into the main current of world thought. Their endorsement of our own achievement has in turn given us confidence in educational democracy. Best of all, they have taught us that unity in diversity is possible, and that people of different cultures can be friends. It was none too soon for American educators to learn this.

Henry Noble MacCracken, who retired from the presidency of Vassar College in 1946, *is president of the Kosciuszko Foundation.*

Between Purpose and Fact

SOME THOUGHTS ON UNIVERSTIY EDUCATION. By Sir Richard Livingstone. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 28 *pp.* $1.75.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES. By S. C. Roberts. The same. 48 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

THESE two slim volumes have this in common, that they point to the discrepancy between the purpose of the university and what it in fact achieves. Both affirm the glory and the shortcomings of the institution which they place next to the church in the importance of its historic influence.

Sir Richard Livingstone is already favorably known to American educators as a liberal classicist whose educational judgments merit respectful and thoughtful attention. I find him, in the English tradition, one of the most perceptive and articulate of those trying to reconcile the best of older university education with the insistent claims for change, although he has neither the sweep nor the concreteness of Alfred North Whitehead's educational papers. In this lecture, we might well be reading an indictment of our own American difficulties in higher education, so similar are the underlying criticisms.

He says, for example, that "ultimate ends are not their [the universities'] concern"; that "undergraduate education continually tends to degenerate into technique"; that "knowledge may become an end in itself, irrespective of whether it is worth knowing"; that "the exaggerated specialism in science which ignores human problems is obviously bad and absurd."

By way of proposal to meet these now familiar criticisms he alludes briefly to American trends, but those of us who are closer to these trends would be less sanguine about our superiorities in attainment despite our vast outpouring of proposals. His lack here is in discrimination as to the influence of our own best ideas upon American practice, which is, in number of students, on such a vastly larger scale than higher education in Great Britain that a few pioneering instances here cannot be adduced to prove our general advances. His emphasis upon the basic value of a study of religion and philosophy, meaning "a study of what we should think of the meaning and ultimate nature of the universe" and of "how we should live," strikes a more individual and characteristic note, even though he does not elaborate sufficiently to offer much guidance in terms of the American university scene.

The second volume, as one of a series on "Britain in Pictures," includes thirty-one interesting colored and black-and-white illustrations; and its text pretends to no original contribution. It serves chiefly to remind us that aristocratic and ecclesiastical origins have colored English university history far more than we always remember; and that by contrast American growth, especially in the expansions of the last century, has been aggressively democratic and secular.

These two authors, one from Oxford, the other from Cambridge, recall for us in these brief utterances the historic greatness of the idea of the university and confirm that despite their human frailties "their influence is increasing and will increase unless there is a collapse of modern civilization."

—*From "All the Children."*

Reading help: "All normal human beings are born with a powerful urge to learn."

Not-Knowing Nuisance

I LEARN FROM CHILDREN. By Caroline Pratt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 204 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROLAND GELATT

"NEVER try to learn anything until the not knowing it has come to be a nuisance to you for some time. . . . A boy should never be made to learn anything until it is obvious that he cannot get on without it." Though Caroline Pratt may never have come across this quotation from the "Notebooks of Samuel Butler," much of her life has been spent in making the not knowing of things a nuisance to growing children. All normal human beings are born with a powerful urge to learn. Almost all of them lose this urge, even before they have reached maturity. It is only the few, the Samuel Butlers, who are so constituted that lack of learning becomes a nuisance. This is perhaps the most insidious of human tragedies and certainly the most paradoxical, for the urge to learn is usually lost just where it is meant to be cultivated and nourished: at school.

In the early 1890's, Miss Pratt—then an unorthodox young graduate of Teachers College in New York—began to experiment with educational procedures in an effort to determine how the school might sustain that inquisitive spark which is the natural endowment of every child. Today, more than half a century later, the distinguished principal emerita of New York's City and Country School looks back on her life and relates the progress of her quest.

The resulting book, "I Learn from Children," is about progressive education. But the reader need not wince at this admittedly alarming description. Here is no dull treatise on pedagogical theories; rather, a semi-autobiographical and refreshingly down-to-earth account of the growth of an idea and a school, the two being interwoven one with the other. How rambunctious eight-year-olds came to regard arithmetic as a vital and exciting necessity instead of an incomprehensible and unremitting bore is but one of the many tales with which Caroline Pratt fascinates the reader.

The gusto with which children in Miss Pratt's school fashion pottery, visit neighboring factories, and run their own post office effectively answers those critics who believe that progressive education coddles the child.

Teachers and parents stand to profit most from this absorbing little volume, but its engaging style and sincere enthusiasm should recommend it as well to the so-called disinterested layman.

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Hybrid School

MICHIGAN. The Story of the University. By Kent Sagendorph. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 384 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by PRESTON SLOSSON

THERE are, in general, two types of university in the United States. One of them is the state university, a part of the public-school system, supported by state taxes, governed by elected or appointed politicians, drawing most of its student body from state residents, emphasizing undergraduate or vocational instruction. The other is the privately endowed university supported mainly by fees and benefactions, governed by trustees chosen from among its own alumni, drawing most of its student body from other states and other nations, emphasizing cultural study and graduate research. But there are a few hybrids, and chief among them is the University of Michigan. Like the ordinary state university, Michigan is a "public school" governed by elected regents and supported mainly by state taxes. Like the endowed university, Michigan has a cosmopolitan student body, drawn from every state and nearly every nation, and a generous body of alumni whose benefactions have built most of the buildings on the campus which have any claim at all to architectural merit (the state-built erections belong mainly to what Mr. Sagendorph calls the "fire-house school" of architecture). The curriculum lays equal emphasis on freshman English for the thousands and nuclear physics for the few.

The University of Michigan has already sat for a good many portraits —by Hinsdale, Shaw, and others—but this does not make Kent Sagendorph's study in any way superfluous. The changes in American university life are so rapid that the best study becomes completely out of date in a decade, like a history of European diplomacy. Moreover, each author tells the story from his own standpoint. The educational world is familiar with the origins of Michigan, from the old "Catholepistemiad of Michigania" in 1817—hardly more than a blueprint for a university to come—to the placid and prosperous days when President Angell won a wide reputation in academic circles, and Coach Yost a wider one among readers of the sporting page. Michigan had a formidable list of "firsts"—the oldest state university, the first to have a fully rounded list of professional schools, the first to admit women, the first to establish vocational training in education, the first to have a special proportion of

the state tax (the mill tax) automatically set aside for its running expenses, the first to admit students by certificate from secondary schools, the first to offer courses in forestry and journalism. But, at least in America, an institution cannot live on past greatness, and many of the developments of Michigan in the current generation are not so widely familiar. Mr. Sagendorph is especially interested in student life and customs, and there has certainly been a revolutionary change from the careless playboy of the 1920's with his freshman cap (or "pot") and his theatre "rushes," to the serious veteran GI of today, who has put away childish things. As might be expected of an author who is also an authority on military aviation, he lays particular stress on the reaction of the campus to four wars.

The book also has its limitations. There are some hasty errors, usually of no great importance, such as transferring the creation of Siwash College from George Fitch to George Ade. A more serious mistake is the assumption that President Little's projected junior college was to consist of "home-making and vocational courses," when his thought was rather to follow the example of some Eastern endowed universities and have academic "survey" courses taught to freshmen and sophomores. There is less said than one might wish about famous Michigan scholars, such as Van Tyne, Gomberg, and Novy; some of the space taken in describing picturesque campus characters might have been better devoted to them. But perhaps the greatest lack can be seen by comparing Mr. Sagendorph's book to another volume in the same series, Horace Coon's "Columbia." Mr. Coon chastens where he loves; his book is keenly critical of Columbia's policies. Mr. Sagendorph rarely takes the step from mere description to analysis.

Formerly a newspaper editor, Professor Preston Slosson has taught in the history department of the University of Michigan since 1921. *He is the author of a number of books in history and related fields.*

Child Life

AMERICAN CHILDREN THROUGH THEIR BOOKS, 1700-1835. By Monica Kiefer. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1948. 248 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

HERE is a study which is, in the words of the author, "an attempt to trace the changing status of the American child in the Colonial and early national periods as it is revealed in juvenile literature." These forbidding words introduce a book which is unexpectedly lively, human, readable, and full of choice quotations from contemporary books for children. Dorothy Canfield Fisher has written in a foreword: "For the first time we look over the shoulders of those children of the past and see what they saw." In other words, this is not in any sense a study of children's books, but is a social history of "various aspects of child life, including religion, manners and morals, education, health, and recreation . . ." Although in reading through the book one learns a great deal about children's books and their publishers—from "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes" to "The Whim Wham; or Evening Amusement for All Ages and Sizes"; from John Newbery, the London publisher who in 1744 first began to produce amusing books for children, to Noah Webster's nineteenth-century textbooks—the emphasis is quite rightly on the children themselves, their place in the family and society, their trials and tribulations, their games and their prayers.

As such, it makes fascinating reading. A number of theses tie the book together and are illustrated by a skilfully woven tissue of quotations from contemporary sources. Chief of these is "the general movement of the child's escape from a submerged position in an adult setting at the beginning of the eighteenth century—towards the recognition of his rights as a distinct personality by 1835," a movement which is traced largely in terms of the weakening of theological influences throughout the children's lives. In 1714 Samuel Moody thundered at the unfortunate children of Massachusetts: "Turn ye, turn ye, from your Evil ways, for why will ye die, O children of New England? Poor Hearts; You are going to Hell indeed; but will it not be a dreadful thing to go to Hell from New England, from this Land of Light to that Dungeon of Eternal Darkness?" But by 1835 the children could relax with the innocent rhymes of "Tom Thumb's Picture Alphabet": "A is an angler,

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The Schoolman's Den:

Important Recent Educational Books

THE school year 1947-48 produced a bumper crop of books to interest educators and parents concerned with educational problems. Besides the normal number of volumes offering guidance on new ways to meet old pedagogical problems, this year's list is marked by several important books assessing the experience of the armed services in wartime training; by an important volume on the current crisis in American public education—Benjamin Fine's "Our Children Are Cheated"; by several volumes proposing curricula for a "general education" during the first two years of college, and by the highly provocative report of the President's Commission on Higher Education.

The list which follows is tightly selective. It contains only books intended for the teacher, the administrator, and the layman interested in educational matters; it omits most books designed for use in the classroom.

RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

EDUCATION FOR AN INDUSTRIAL AGE. By Alfred Kahler and Ernest Hamburger. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. 1948. 349 pp. $3.75. Reviewed in *SRL*, June 5, 1948.

EDUCATION FOR WHAT IS REAL. By Earl C. Kelley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 128 pp. $2.

GOALS FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Lester A. Kirkendall and others. Chicago: American Federation of Teachers. 1948. 141 pp. $2. Recommendations for reform in the American educational system proposed by a union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

HOW SHALL WE PAY FOR EDUCATION? By Seymour E. Harris. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 214 pp. $3. A well-known economist describes in realistic terms the financial structure necessary to provide an adequate educational system.

MODERN EDUCATION AND HUMAN VALUES. Pittsburgh: *University of Pittsburgh Press.* 1947. 176 pp. $3. Six lectures on contemporary education delivered at the University of Pittsburgh by B. H. Bode, Douglas S. Freeman, Arthur H. Compton, Henry P. Van Dusen, Robert M. Hutchins, and Ordway Tead. The level of discussion is high.

OUR CHILDREN ARE CHEATED: THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Benjamin Fine. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 255 pp. $3. A report on the six-month survey the author conducted for *The New York Times*. The picture of the effects of the acute teaching shortage, lowered morale, and inadequate equipment is alarming. Reviewed in *SRL*, Feb. 7, 1948.

Philosophy and Methods

FOUNDATIONS FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Harold O. Rugg. Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Co. 1947. 826 pp. $5. A personal statement of the educational philosophy of a well-known educator. Reviewed in *SRL*, Jan. 10, 1948.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. By Stella Henderson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1947. 401 pp. $4. Although designed as a textbook, this work will be of interest to general readers.

PHILOSOPHIES OF EDUCATION. By John Peter Wynne. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1947. 441 pp. $5. Presents material designed to clarify the predominant issues in education over which advocates of authoritarianism, laissez-fairism, and experimentalism are in conflict today.

THEORIES OF LEARNING. By Ernest R. Hilgard. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 1948. 415 pp. $3.75. Offers in brief compass an explanation of the major currently-held theories of learning: Gestalt theory, Thorndike's Connectionism, etc.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF EDUCATIONAL WISDOM. Edited by Robert Ulrich. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1947. 614 pp. $6.50. A collection of source documents illustrating the history of educational practice.

THE UNFOLDING OF ARTISTIC ACTIVITY. By Henry Schaefer-Simmern. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1948. 214 pp. $5. A report on an experiment conducted by the Russell Sage Foundation to discover facts about the development of creative activity among men and women not ordinarily devoted to the arts.

Wartime Experience

EDUCATIONAL LESSONS FROM WARTIME TRAINING. By Alonzo G. Grace and others. Washington: American Council on Education. 283 pp. 1948. $3. General conclusions on the educational programs of the armed services during World War II which may be applied now or in the future.

WHAT COMES OF TRAINING WOMEN FOR WAR. By Dorothy Schaffter. Washington: American Council on Education. 1948. 241 pp. $3. This survey, made for the Commission on the Implications of the Armed Service Programs, gives data on methods used in training service women, and suggests how this training is being used in peacetime pursuits.

International

FUNDAMENTAL EDUCATION: COMMON GROUND FOR ALL PEOPLES: The report of a special committee to the Preparatory Committee of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, Paris, 1946. Edited by Henry W. Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 281 pp. $2.50. A preliminary report suggesting ways in which education may help world peace.

SOVIET EDUCATION, ITS PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY. By Maurice J. Shore. New York: Philosophical Library. 1947. 386 pp. $4.75. Traces the growth of Marxian educational theory and practice over more than a decade. Valuable because of the lack of better works on the subject. The editing is poor. Reviewed in *SRL*, Feb. 7, 1948.

"I WANT TO BE LIKE STALIN." By B. P. Yesipov and N. K. Goncharov. Translated by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 150 pp. $2. A revealing translation of part of the official Soviet Russian textbook on pedagogy, intended primarily for elementary school teachers. Reviewed in *SRL*, Oct. 25, 1947.

Primary and Secondary Education

THE MOTHER'S ROLE IN CHILDHOOD EDUCATION. By Anne Louise Kuhn. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 224 pp. $3. An historical account of the role of the New England mother in education, 1830-1860.

DEVELOPING A CURRICULUM FOR MODERN LIVING. By Florence B. Stratemeyer and others. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University. 1947. 558 pp. $3.75. The results of a cooperative effort of progressive educators to develop a curriculum for elementary and secondary schools.

MODERN TEACHING PRACTICE AND TECHNIQUE. By John Hubert Panton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 309 pp. $2.25. Practical advice for beginning teachers by a British educator.

AMERICAN PUBLIC EDUCATION: AN INTRODUCTION. By Harl R. Douglass and Calvin Grieder. New York: Ronald Press. 1948. 623 pp. $4.50. An introductory textbook to the history and problems of American secondary education.

CHILD GROWTH THROUGH EDUCATION. By Gertrude Hildreth. New York: Ronald Press. 1948. 444 pp. $4.

THE RURAL COMMUNITY AND ITS SCHOOL. By Lorene K. Fox. New York: King's Crown Press. 1948. 244 pp. $3.25. Using Chautauqua County, N. Y., as a case, the author examines the educational needs of the rural community and urges that educational practice be adapted to the requirements of farming areas.

TEACHING THROUGH THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LIBRARY. By Margaret K. Wallraven and Alfred L. Hall-Quest. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 1948. 183 pp. $3. Specific suggestions for teachers in the use of story hours, book lists, films and filmslides, phonograph records, and other treasures of the school library.

THE TEACHING OF READING IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. By Paul Gordon McKee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 633 pp. $3.60. Besides an analysis of the reading process, this book offers specific suggestions for the development of an effective reading program.

TEACHING ADOLESCENTS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By Harry N. Rivlin. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 1948. 527 pp. $3. A

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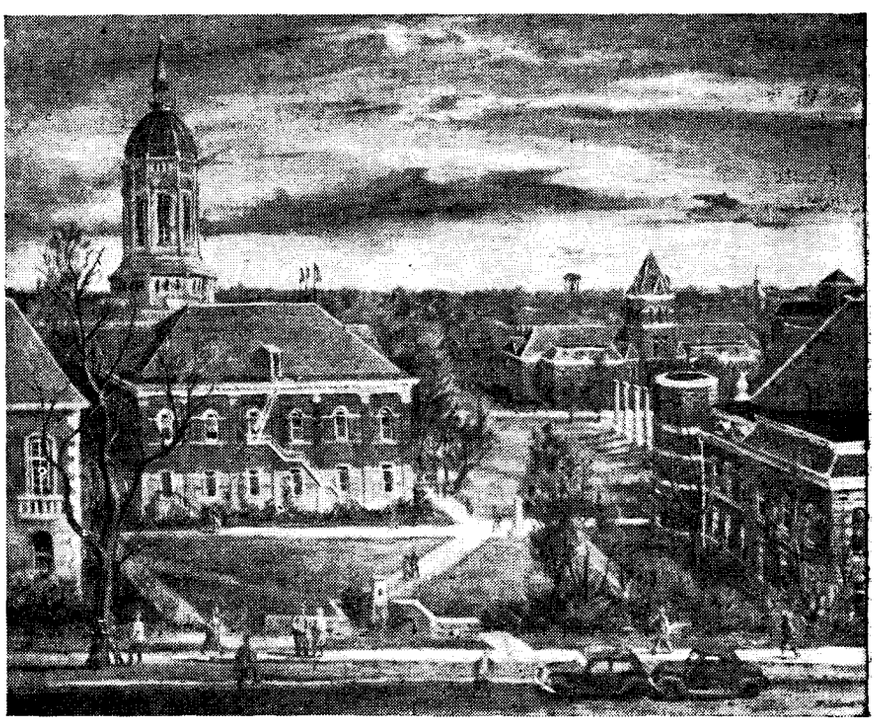

"University of Missouri," by Fred Shane—Six Ionic columns of "Old Mizzou's" first building (1840), destroyed by fire (1892), still cast their shadows across the campus.

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Gandhi. *"There are innumerable definitions of God, because His manifestations are innumerable. . . . But I worship God as Truth only. I have not yet found Him, but I am seeking after Him. I am prepared to sacrifice the things dearest to me in pursuit of this quest. Even if the sacrifice demanded be my very life, I hope I may be prepared to give it. But as long as I have not realized this Absolute Truth, so long must I hold by the relative truth as I have conceived it. . . . Often in my progress I have had faint glimpses of the Absolute Truth, God, and daily the conviction is growing upon me that He alone is real and all else is unreal. Let those, who wish, realize how the conviction has grown upon me; let them share my experiments and share also my conviction if they can."—From "Gandhi's Autobiography," reviewed below.*

"This Man Spoke Truth"

GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: The Story of My Experiments with Truth. By M. K. Gandhi. Washington, D. C.: Public Affairs Press. 1948. 640 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HERRYMON MAURER

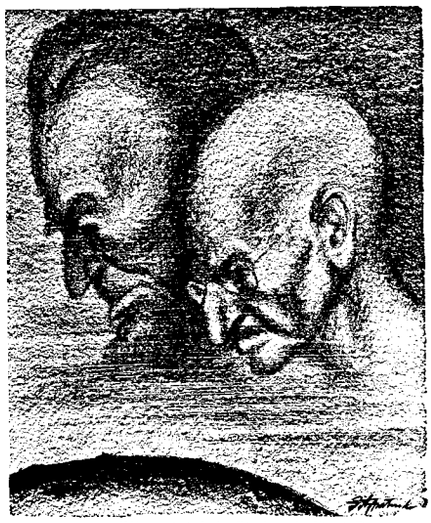
A SMILING little man with big ears and probing eyes walked among his countrymen, and things that could not happen did happen. A people sunk in sleepy weakness suddenly came awake and sensed its strength. Men given to ancient ways of violence crowded into jails, smiled when they were beaten, and would not strike back. Persons bemused by wealth suddenly forgot possessions. Whole parts of India, committed by the generations before them to opium and prostitution and untouchability, all at once gave over their vices. Eventually the country itself became free. Somehow the settled order of things snapped when confronted with the outwardly simple presence of Gandhi, and the impossible became fact. Even after many Indians relapsed into an orgy of violence and finally confronted the man of non-violence and killed him with a bullet, the impossible happened again, and there came peace. Elsewhere in the world, men noisy with the wisdom of money and armies became still for a brief moment and said to themselves that this man spoke truth.

It is not these miracles but the force behind them that "Gandhi's Autobiography" describes and explains. It traces the transformation of a sensitive boy afraid of serpents and ghosts into a man able to march unmoved through a South African mob set on lynching him. It indicates the growth of a young barrister from a shyness so great that he could not open his mouth in court to a calm so complete that he could lead an entire people. It gives glimpses of the inner drive that forced a man who could have made wealth to wash his own shirts, bake his own bread, and quit the life of cities for communal life on a farm. It deals in very frank detail with Gandhi's yearning after self-purity and with his efforts to free himself of the passion of love-making and of such of the habits of eating as seemed to keep him from truth. All important, it suggests the steps whereby a young man with little sense of religion threw himself into a search for truth, discovering that truth is of God and that it is God. But the autobiography is not Gandhi: it is neither a portrait nor an account of him. It is rather one significant part of a very appealing, very repelling, and quite overwhelming man who revealed himself only in the sum total of what he wrote and what he did. It is an important and much needed beginning. Portions only of the autobiography have been published here, and those in 1930.

The normal standards of biography have little bearing on this book. Gandhi says, ". . . it is not my purpose to attempt a real autobiography. I simply want to tell the story of my numerous experiments with truth." A story of such nature is a matter for readers to take or to leave, but it is hardly one for intellectual argument. Yet it is not, like Augustine's "Confessions" or John Woolman's "Journal," a recounting of inward experience of Deity. Such experience Gandhi puts down as "incommunicable," and he centers upon its outward indications. These he describes simply, artlessly, and humbly.

The greatness of the book, as a book, is that the great facts of Gandhi's inward experience emerge from the mass of detail. There was nothing

(*Continued on page* 38)



—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Martyrs of Humanity"—"A man of trivial appearance and not unusual talents whose magnetism was profound."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Tragic Triumph of Violence"—"Men given to . . . violence . . . smiled when . . . beaten, and would not strike back."

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

After Michelangelo's "Piety"—Gandhi came to the major belief "all life is sacred, not simply human life."

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Fiction. *The novelists of today seem to echo the universal lament at the suicidal and psychotic nature of humanity. After exploring the degradation of civilized man in America and Europe, and finding the creature so universally miserable that it would seem to matter little if he was atomized in the next war, the scene has suddenly turned to Africa: The recently reviewed C. S. Forester's "The Sky and the Forest" and Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter," and the new work of two novelists, Frederic Prokosch and Norman Collins, both reviewed here. The first concludes that man is a horrifying creature if stripped to the bone. The second, since it is for adolescents, deals with slavery in muted fashion. When Africa is polished off, where do we go from there?*

Land of the Beginning

STORM AND ECHO. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 274 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THE dark continent of Africa has for generations kindled the imagination of the novelist and set him to ponder on the true nature of things. Conrad tried to reveal what man and the elements did to man within the empire building framework of the Belgian Congo, furnishing us with that heavy, brooding study of the soul in trouble, "The Heart of Darkness." And now it is the Belgian Congo which provides Frederic Prokosch with the scene for his most ambitious and, in many ways, the most profound work of his writing career. Powerful, enigmatic, and quite as nightmarish as any of Conrad's journeys to the edge of darkness, Mr. Prokosch's novel is, nevertheless, somewhat more impersonal, less sympathetic, than Conrad's in showing us the malevolence of nature against which man appears to be fighting a losing battle.

On the surface, "Storm and Echo" may be a gripping tale of adventure and suspense in an exotic setting; but underneath its vivid word-painting, its poetic imagery, its lavish feeling for color and mood, there is the anguished cry of modern man seeking to discover his own identity. Surely the despair of the artist, the disenchantment of the idealist and civilized individual today are reflected in the following passage:

> Why do we all, all of us, turn to Africa in the end? When everything else looks hopeless? When our hearts are sick with loathing? Listen, I'll tell you why. Because in Africa there's still a chance, just an infinitesimal chance of discovering man. Africa's the land of the beginning. It's the land of the unborn. Here there's still the smell of the womb, the very marrow of man. Know Africa and you know the real secret of man. You'll never find it in the libraries and cathedrals of Europe. You won't find it in the temples or commissariats of Asia. You won't find it in laboratories and lavatories of the New World. No, here's the last spot, the last cavern of refuge. Here you'll still find the key, if you look hard enough and long enough. Buried deep in the jungle. Deep in the bloody festering tangle. It takes courage, mind you. And cunning; and cruelty. And then when you have found it, God knows, maybe it's more than the mind can bear! Man's a horrifying creature if you strip him to the bone. . . .

Frederic Prokosch: " . . . in Africa there's still an infinitesimal chance of discovering man."

It is the story of a strange quest into darkest Africa by four men which furnishes the drama, the tragedy, and sombre philosophizing in this brilliant novel. Samuel, the narrator, is looking for an old friend, Leonard Speght, whom the natives both love and fear. Speght is described as a mixture "of Saint Francis, Machiavelli, Hamlet, Don Quixote, with a touch of Judas, for good measure, and just a whiff of Caligula!" Here we have the symbol of bewildered, paradoxical twentieth-century man. Samuel and the others, Alessandro, an anthropologist, Joshua, an entomologist, and Marius, a mineralogist, set out to find Mount Negala, a mountain in the core of the jungle untouched by man. It is to this almost inaccessible sacred mountain peak that Leonard Speght's distracted spirit is supposed to have finally driven him. But Samuel knows that hunting for Speght is only a pretext for this mad journey, and recognizes the fear and hidden motives behind the trip for the others as well. Alessandro does not hope to find secret gods as much as he does the peace and the love that he has never known during his life. Joshua says he wishes to collect rare insects but it is God he really seeks. Marius is looking for precious metals but it is death he must come face to face with. Traveling through swamp lands, miles of arid and stony wastelands, attacked by fever, insects, stunned by the squalor and primitive obscenity among native tribes, terrorized and shocked by the disease and madness that claim their own native guides en route, the travelers come to discover that the wilderness inside of man is as frightening and impenetrable as the dense wilderness through which they have been desperately making their way.

Samuel has had to ask himself what was the core of his search? Was it not the very opposite of Speght's, who, rushing headlong toward self-destruction, was devoured by the "abominable fancies of his soul?" All Samuel wanted was someone to trust and to revere—faith, in short. But what if the search went on year after year—would it not absorb him little by little until eventually there was nothing left but the endless search? Here was the paradox—"The thing we sought was really nothing; a chimera, a bagatelle. But the continual struggle, the continual defect, the awareness of sin, the need of God—those are the things that have given man his own pathetic glory."

Frederic Prokosch is not unlike Conrad, too, in the belief that nature, claiming victims, may also create heroes. Samuel and the magnificent black guide Oudangé are the only ones to reach Mount Nagala safely. There at the end of the journey Oudangé finds the shadow of immortality in the protective arms of his ancestors while Samuel discovers that "memory, and its magical counterpart, hope" will, somehow, manage to keep the soul alive in the world's terrible darkness; will shut out for a brief time, anyway, the sadness and unalterable nature of man's suffering.

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Disreputable Business

THE CRUSADERS. By Stefan Heym. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 642 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

FOR the past three years, since the technical end of what no honest book publisher would deny was for him a lucrative war, manuscripts of novels dealing with men under arms have been received in editorial offices with much the same attitude as an undertaker greeting a corpse on arrival: treat it respectfully, handle it professionally, and send it back where it came from, for burial. This was not due to any personal prejudice or pacifism, but was simply because of something that publishers knew: the public would not read war books. This information, which was not general, was acquired in an interesting way, a form of contortionism not unlike *yoga,* in which the publisher keeps one ear to the ground, one eye on the best-seller lists, and one finger on the public pulse, meanwhile and always bending over backward to placate and please those of his authors whose books are popular successes. Needless to say, certain men who have become adepts at thus simulating a one-man Laocöon-group have become among the great and honored ornaments of the profession.

I should make clear that this conviction regarding the unsalability of war books applied exclusively to World War II, and not to any previous passages-at-arms. In fact, the past few years have seen a spate of historical novels telling of other wars, of other heroes, most of them distinguished by robust jackets which recalled old mammaries of America's glorious past. By a strange paradox, a contemporary war had become *passée.*

Now, however, it might seem that the wind which blows along Publisher's Row is changing. The fact that young Norman Mailer's honest, brutal, and powerful "The Naked and The Dead" has reached the top of the best-seller list might have something to do with it, although I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that this fact in any way influenced the publishers of Stefan Heym's "The Crusaders," for it is an eminently publishable book, now or any time, and its values have only a little to do with the war which is its background and its climate.

As in "The Naked and The Dead," Stefan Heym gives us a group of men of varying military ranks, and we follow them, in this instance, from Normandy, after the landing at Omaha Beach, into a conquered and occupied Germany. There is Lieutenant Yates, a former college professor now attached to Propaganda Intelligence, a man of education and troubled sensibilities; Sergeant Bing, in whom Yates's idealism was tempered by a reluctant cynicism, who talked to the German soldiers in their language which was also his own, and who remembered the village of Neustadt where he had been born; Captain Troy, a silent, stubborn man of good will, who added a private war to the one he was fighting. Over these, in a chain of command, is Lieutenant Willoughby, an opportunist and a coward, who knew that munition cartels are a part of any modern war, and who attempted to do a little business for his Wall Street firm on the side; and above him there was Colonel DeWitt, a tired, honest old soldier, fighting his second war; and at the shining top was the gaudy General Farrish, a striker of poses, a wearer of medals, brave and brilliant in the field—a man superbly planned for a battlefield and a news camera. There is no lack of women in this book as indeed it would seem there is no lack of them anywhere. Therèse is a shy, tentative French girl in love with Lieutenant Yates; Karen Wallace is an American war correspondent, the one you used to see around with Ernest Hemingway, and she impressed me as being one dimensional, Mr. Heym's description to the contrary; there is a brave old woman from the mines at Ensdorf, who did not seem to emerge from her symbolism, even though the author admits she is drawn from life, and a cold, stacked, tricky little Fraulein who finally stands out as the best portrait on the distaff side. For the most part they seem to be traditional, faintly reminiscent, and *in* the book rather than of it. There are many other figures in this complicated landscape: Nazis and collaborationists, German miners in revolt, a musky, melodramatic financial entrepreneur named Prince Yasha Bereskin, tragic, broken men from the liberated concentration camp, some plain soldiers, both good and bad, and a fleeting character named Kavalov, memorable chiefly because he has recently become an anachronism — a brave and good man who is also a Red Russian. All of these characters weave and interweave themselves throughout the story, which on one level is the triumph of a few men's dogged integrity over the greed and moral cowardice of their superiors, and on another, deeper level, is the graph of impact of the disreputable business of warfare upon honest, questioning men.

This is a long book, written with great earnestness, and with the author very close to the book, it would seem, at all times. It is marred by occasional melodrama, by dialogue which sounds sometimes as though it were being written as a vehicle for Mr. Heym's highly commendable opinions rather than in the oblique, idiomatic, truncated speech of soldiers, and by characters which fall too quickly, too neatly into the categories of Good and Evil. On the other hand, it is passionate, sincere, urgent and enlightened, and there are dramatic passages of great clarity and eloquence, making clear and immediate the place, the time, and the things which were taking place. Because of these things I am able and willing to excuse many of the faults I have mentioned. Not so naked nor so alive as Mr. Mailer's novel, this is nevertheless a thoughtful and arresting book, and if the disillusioned irony of its title and subtitle—"The Crusaders: A Novel of Only Yesterday"—is not always sustained in its often subjective writing, it still brings bitterly to our attention the fact that there are great distances between the ideals which Americans told themselves and others they were fighting for, and the realities which they often lived.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 273

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 273 *will be found in the next issue.*

FMAPGONHB GA PCR

ASLRAP PLGNK FX XFKKB

NOT ARKX-HFOHRGP. GA

PCRLR NOBPCGOW AF

NAASLRT NA PCR NAA?

DGHRK TR DFOPNGWOR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 272

Newspapers have degenerated. They may now be absolutely relied upon.

OSCAR WILDE.

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Sponging in Florida

FULL FATHOM FIVE. By Ahmad Kamal. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 255 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

NO town in Florida or on any coast of the Gulf of Mexico has a more dramatic uniqueness than the little place north of Tampa, on the salt tides of the Anclote River, Tarpon Springs. It is the home port of the Florida Green sponge fishers.

Against an old background of primitive North Florida cracker country living and the Protestant folkways of later winter residents, whose prim grey board porches and turrets are set among moss-hung great oaks about the lovely bayous, two generations of Greek sponge fishers have set their vivid and intensive Greek culture. Their high-powered blue-and-white sponge boats make a Piraeus of the river wharves. In the restaurants, wine-shops, pastry shops, the sponge market, and the respectable homes about the fine Greek church, the Greek of the Aegean islands is the common speech. Unaffected by tourist stares, the brilliant banners, the incense, the superb chanting of their processionals at Epiphany or Easter fill the leafy streets of Tarpon Springs with the religious enthusiasm of centuries of Greek Orthodoxy.

It was the sponge fishing which first brought these descendants of powerful Greek divers and fishers from their remote Greek islands to Key West, bringing along modern diving techniques to the Florida sponge industry. They survived the bitter wars with the Key West sponge "hookers" and settled by themselves in Tarpon Springs. It is the power and menace and beauty and drama of those green salt deeps out there on the Floridian plateau, where in the dimness below the shadows of sharks the fine wool sponges grow in bars, which make their lives daring, violent, unique, and often tragic. They face the usual hazards of the sea, storms and fouled lines and death in a dozen sudden ways. Every diver can look forward to the crippling menace of that worst of all occupational diseases, "the bends." And there are the economic problems of sponge diseases and destroyed beds and changing markets and totally inadequate state conservation laws.

The sons of the first spongers, thoroughly grounded in Greek tradition, are also educated and loyal Americans who have taken their part in the latest of great wars.

Ahmad Kamal has written "a book of staccato power and vividness, although . . . in the limited speech of the first person."

It is only in the last few years that the drama of this Greek-American colony at Tarpon Springs has been discovered as material for fiction and for moving pictures. In my opinion, the first and finest writings to interpret their tragedy were the few short stories in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Saturday Evening Post* by Charles Rawlings, notably "The Dance of the Bends." Now Mr. Ahmad Kamal presents the lives of the sponge fishers in a novel starkly written, with great passion and suspense. The fact that Mr. Kamal has himself worked as a diver on one of these sponge boats, gives great reality to everything he writes. He knows those Gulf deeps, the technical intricacies of the diving apparatus, the history of sponging in Florida. He knows the strong family ties and affections and the half-Greek, half-American thinking of the latest generation.

The result is a book of staccato power and vividness, although because he told it in the limited speech of the first person, I think he has failed stylistically to convey the richness and color and complexity of the Greek picture. It is the story of a powerful older brother who loves his younger brother and yet hates him, who loves one of those charming Greek girls and yet tries to give her to his brother, whom he also nearly ruins. A simple explanation would have made the climax unnecessary. It seems to me that a plot derived from the infinitely effective true drama of the sponge fishing itself would have done greater justice to the subject.

Shady Doings at Sea

BLACK IVORY. By Norman Collins. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 320 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

"THE notable thing about Mr. Collins is that a century's distance seems to blur or diminish no object; it is all vivid and quite near. . . ." That was *The Saturday Review's* reaction, fifteen years ago to Norman Collins's first and very brash book, "The Facts of Fiction." The phrase is as serviceable now to describe "Black Ivory," the author's eleventh, if my count is right. This yarn of the last days of the illicit slave trade follows the classic pattern established with a kind of lumbering greatness in "Robinson Crusoe" and refined to its artificial but irresistible essentials in "Treasure Island." A boy runs away to sea, finds himself involved in shady doings when it is too late to withdraw unscathed, lives a perilous double life in an effort to keep his integrity, and at last emerges triumphant. The publishers of this version of the old plot frankly allude to "Treasure Island," as they should. But anyone who recalls the author's early preoccupation with the history of the novel in English will the more easily note a number of other sources for some of the inspiration of this lively tale. Jim in the apple barrel of the *Hispaniola* provides the structure for the thirteenth chapter of "Black Ivory," but the characters of Captain Swing and Smew, as drawn by Mr. Collins, bring up an oddly jumbled memory of Captain Hook and Smee, from Barrie's more playful fantasy.

But anyone who is not bothered by the tag ends of other remembered tales will find that Mr. Collins has produced a rapid yarn with a good deal of vigor and validity. If the characters all are Rowlandson caricatures, the story is set in the times of Rowlandson and holds true to its own raffish premises. I suspect that Mr. Collins is reacting here to the criticism of his recent ponderous novels, and has decided for once to stick to action at all hazards. There are a number of brief chapters which the reader finishes with a sensation of having been in a squirrel cage to no purpose, emerging just where he came in. These are not likely to trouble the youngsters for whom Mr. Collins is primarily writing.

The publishers' hope that this will prove to be another "Treasure Island" for readers of all ages seems not unreasonable at a time when the comics are read by young and old with a similar avidity. But I am afraid that

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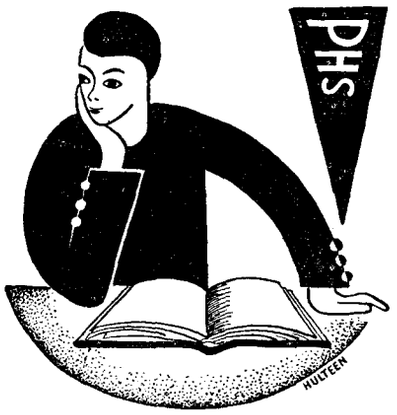
"Black Ivory" will not prove as durable as its prototype. The chief reason is that it is insufficiently realized. It could have been a straightforward tale, drawing (as it appears to do) on "The Journal of an African Slaver," but with realism as its controlling aim. It could have been a fantasy, either on the level of "Treasure Island" or on that of "Peter Pan." Instead, it is a jumble of all three. Stevenson gives us a full and luminous picture. It is all of a piece. But the author of "Black Ivory" leaves a great deal of his story in the shadow. We do not wonder who the people in the *Hispaniola* are. We have an awareness of all of them, and of their relationships. But the majority of the people in the *Nero* are never even alluded to. A half dozen sharply drawn characters exist among many others who do not exist at all.

Mr. Collins disguises with remarkable skill, most of the way, the fact that he is a landlubber. When he does commit a howler, it is a gorgeous one, as in the tenth chapter when the officers, watching a sloop from a ship's deck, see her position shift until she is "visible directly under the stern sheets."



Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BURIED AUTHORS OF BOOKS, SONGS, AND WHATNOT

Esther E. Lincoln, of Harbor Beach, Mich., submits thirty-three sentences in each of which is hidden the name of a well-known author. Allowing three points for each one you can disinter, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers are on page 41.

1. Sally eats too much candy.
2. The children's loudly expressed joy certified their delight.
3. Little wishes and longings often govern a person's decisions.
4. He makes plans heroic on radical changes in government.
5. "That cannot be net weight!" he exclaimed.
6. He is a quick thinker and glib sentences fall from his lips.
7. The overseer's cottage to which we were directed was most picturesque.
8. The blind say that they see with their ears.
9. These old inns dispense rare old wines.
10. We are late. Please dress as soon as possible.
11. It is amusing to hear Dan argue pro and con.
12. He was a spendthrift. His month's pay never covered his obligations.
13. The dance was held in an old barn, old and musty.
14. The children watching the kite cried, "See how it twists and turns!"
15. All in Co. L noticed the captain's distress.
16. We shall buy the plat on the north side of the road.
17. The child's hair ribbon dangled over one eye.
18. If Mildred rakes up that old grievance again, I shall leave.
19. Two people were injured when the huge car rolled over the embankment.
20. He has many hobbies, such as collecting shells, fossils, and stones.
21. In most small towns, people are friendly and all entertain freely.
22. Although he was shy, Don never refused to escort his sister to school parties.
23. Magazines and sundry dental and other professional equipment lay on the table.
24. Do you see how excited that child is over the parade?
25. The prescription is a compound of several ingredients.
26. Waning rays of sunshine slanted through the window.
27. Let us throw all aces and kings out.
28. He has an annoying habit of answering questions with a hesitating, "No, yes."
29. Exercise and vitamins have made a new man of him.
30. At night his little daughter greets him with a hug or kiss or both.
31. Through fifty happy if hard years the old man and his wife lived together.
32. An attack of ague stopped his plans for the summer.
33. She objects to wearing rayon hose. "Nylons for me," she insists.

Jik, Kurt, and Xandi

SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS NEVER CRY. By Audrey Erskine Lindop. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 310 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE first thirty-odd pages of this novel are pretty good. They introduce the family of a cashiered captain of the Indian Army, living in London on the brink of poverty. His wife as well as his two daughters are loyal to the poor fellow in the face of both the promises and the threats of the girls' maternal grandmother, a titled lady of means. The account of Jessica's childhood and adolescence under these difficult circumstances has humor and some warmth, and, since the budding heroine is an art student, the reader feels entitled to look forward to a better-than-average success-in-adversity story about a bright English girl.

What he gets instead, I'm sorry to report, is a third-rate melodrama about love at first sight, Nazi intrigue, and murder, of a kind that was published by the hundreds in the late 1930's and for awhile thereafter. The one distinction Miss Lindop's heroine may claim, when compared to the British or American young women who, in those earlier novels, got themselves involved with high-minded anti-Nazis, is her sexual freedom in general and the proud unabashedness with which she refers to her "sleeping with" Kurt and, later, Xandi.

Jessica, then—or "Jik"—falls in love with Xandi, an Austrian Army officer vacationing in London and, in order to remain close to that beautiful and austere young man after his return to his native country, throws herself on the neck of his friend Kurt because of the latter's promise to take her with him to Vienna. As soon becomes clear, Kurt is about as cynical a lady-killer, sponger, scoundrel, traitor, and murderer as ever stormed and stumbled through the pages of a printed novel. Jik's adventures in what is supposed to be the Vienna of 1937-1938 are equally unique in a hair-raising sense. They include, besides much "sleeping with" all around, Jik's success in making a living, and a murder.

When Jik finds herself in London again after the *Anschluss,* as does the noble Xandi, the reader may give a sigh of relief. But who should pop up as a Nazi spy but the arch-villain Kurt —and another murder, complete with court trial, must be set in motion before the affair can come to a close.

Soldiers' daughters may never cry. Reviewers sometimes do.

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Middle-Class Museum Piece

THE HISTORY OF NORA BECKHAM. *By Joseph Stanley Pennell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1948. 330 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

THE subtitle of this second novel by the author of "The History of Rome Hanks" describes both the qualities and limitations of his book. Mr. Pennell calls it "A Museum of Home Life," by which he means middle-class home life in Kansas around the turn of the century and after. He has chosen to present his story through the eyes of Lee Harrington, who shares the center of the stage with his mother, Nora Beckham Harrington. It is from the vantage point of a Southern California taproom that Lee Harrington looks back over his life up to his first year in college, and over a considerable part of his mother's life which he relates in an intimacy of detail that is never explained.

How can a reviewer convey any real sense of a story which is based so completely on a series of minor family episodes—Nora falling for a slick advertisement that guarantees her an easy income; Mr. Beckham working with his photographer's plates; the company that played at the opera house; the childhood fears and memories, and the necessarily unexplained changes of character recollected by a man running over his past in a monologue of 300 pages?

For what is best in this book is the recreative strength of the scenes remembered—the glassware tinkling on the sideboard, the linens too loved to be used, the strangeness of the forbidden parlor—all of which have the static quality of an album or an old photograph rather than the urgency of drama. In limiting himself to this design, Mr. Pennell has submerged his narrative in description and has produced something almost as much like social history as a novel. Indeed, he has indicated this intention in his title. He has divided the dramatic focus, moreover, between Lee Harrington the narrator and his mother, and in doing so has made another hurdle for himself in addition to the episodic design with its lack of suspense and the emphasis on scenes rather than action.

The result is rather like stopping a movie film and looking at the action held suspended on the screen. An occasionally turgid style, an absence of quotation marks, and an infrequent and unexpected shift to Elizabethan English also make things difficult for the reader. That Mr. Pennell has been able to write a book of considerable interest in spite of all these difficulties is a tribute to his skill.

Like many autobiographical novels of the Twenties, the last third of "Nora Beckham" presents the self-doubts and the melancholy of adolescence in a competent and interesting way. Especially well-rendered is Lee's guilty hatred of his moderately dominating mother, and his growing tendency to accept her low estimate of him.

Since Mr. Pennell has chosen to write a book without suspense, and with the emphasis on tableaux rather than action, there is no point in calling him to account for what he has not chosen to do. Yet his reason for making the choice may be questioned, and is. The excellence of his scenes would surely have benefited, from the reader's standpoint, by some goal, some dramatic pattern, some sympathy for character, to lead him forward. A novelist might possibly expect to get away with an emphasis on descriptive scene or episodic plot, but certainly not both.

It is this sort of reconstructed experience Mr. Pennell does best:

> The street was full of great maples and elms which rose up high above the terraced lawn. There was a light in a transom above the front door and the porch light was on. A skeleton elm leaf scraped across the gray painted pine floor of the porch. A spider skin jerked stiffly in a web beside an old iron umbrella stand. Near the stand lay a mudgray pair of rubbers and a graying doormat.

Readers who retain an affection edged with horror for the physical surroundings of earlier years will feel nostalgia over many of the scenes.

"Snap out of it, Bill, the tennis match is over."

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Tom and the Teachers

STUDENTS of Thomas E. Dewey's long career as a Presidential candidate usually picture the New York Governor as a dispassionate, briskly efficient administrator who seldom allows himself the luxury of a strong personal feeling on any public issue. The carefully tailored, scrupulously calculated statements he periodically issues tend to substantiate the description. This makes his performance during a discussion of public-school teachers' salaries at the Governors Conference at Newport, R. I., last June all the more extraordinary.

As reported by Governors Herbert B. Maw of Utah and Ernest Gruening of Alaska, who witnessed the spectacle, Governor Dewey told his fellow chief executives that publicity which depicts school teachers as underpaid is "the biggest lie since Hitler."

When reports of the outburst were published in the newspapers, Dewey's administrative assistant called them uncomplimentary names, but did not deny them categorically. The Governor himself has remained silent about the episode, although late last month he issued a statement congratulating New York State on the "immense progress" it had made in the field of education. As a result of his administration, he said, "we now have in New York State the highest teachers' salaries in the world."

Let's look at the record of New York State's public school system under Dewey. During the war and since, because of the diminishing buying power of the dollar and soaring school enrollments, every state in the union has had greatly to increase its appropriation for public education. The people of New York State in 1946-1947 spent $234 per pupil, well ahead of New Jersey with $180. The national average was much lower, $99.

Only a fraction of the funds for public education in the state come from the state treasury. In earlier administrations, the state met as much as 35 per cent of the cost of the schools. During the first years of the Dewey administration, state aid fell below 30 per cent. Recent legislation has raised it to 32 per cent. Throughout the nation as a whole, the average state support at present is approximately 52 per cent. In terms of dollars, New York State now provides 60 per cent more for public schools than it did at the beginning of the Dewey administration. In the same period all the states have increased their school aid by 141 per cent.

"Between 1940 and 1947 . . .," according to Dr. Francis T. Spaulding, New York State Commissioner of Education, "every dollar of net increase in school aid has been matched by more than two dollars of increase in expenditures from local sources." The local governments meet these expenses from real estate taxes, and from such fund-raising devices as those recently authorized at Governor Dewey's suggestion—levies on liquor, hotel rooms, automobiles, theatrical performances, and the like.

By inference Governor Dewey has explained his preference for large local support of schools in these words: "What is good for Westchester County is not good for Fulton County. What is good for New York City is not good for the City of Oneida."

Critics of the Dewey administration declare that the Governor favors heavy dependence upon local taxation for such purposes as schools because it allows him to accumulate an impressive surplus in the state treasury. They urge that the system is inequitable because poorer districts cannot afford to support as good school systems as wealthy districts, and such tax devices as sales levies place disproportionate burdens on various income groups.

The teachers' organizations are bitter because, according to figures given by Governor Dewey himself, the average teacher's salary in New York State rose 30 per cent from before the war to 1947, while the cost of living rose 53 per cent. But the Governor obtained for state employees—not teachers—a new salary scale that produced an average rise of more than 80 per cent over the same period. However, Governor Dewey did sign legislation which provided for a minimum teachers' salary in the state of $2,000 a year, and in New York City of $2,500. The teachers' organizations would have liked this to be even higher.

Now let's take a look at Governor Dewey's boast that New York State "has the highest teachers' salaries in the world." The National Education Association estimates that the average salary of teachers in New York State this past year was $3,500, slightly below California's $3,600. But even this $3,500 figure ought not to be taken at face value. It happens that New York City maintains one of the highest (although not *the* highest) pay scales for teachers in the country. Its median annual salary for primary school teachers is somewhat above $4,000, for secondary school teachers above $5,000. New York City is able to pay this because it augments the sums it receives from the state with heavy real estate and other taxes. The futile efforts of the New York City government to obtain more funds from the state is one of the persistent themes of Empire State politics.

Inasmuch as two-fifths of the school teachers in New York State are members of the City system, their high salaries raise tremendously the average figure for teachers in the state as a whole. When teachers outside New York City are considered alone, the median salary for New York State teachers is only $2,843. In other words, if New York State has some of the "highest paid teachers," it is largely in spite of Governor Dewey rather than because of him.

The Dewey administration's attitude toward education would be of small moment outside the Empire State if it were not for the circumstance that Governor Dewey is once again a nominee for President of the U. S. Unless he breaks completely with tradition, in

Sulphur Torch

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

I SHALL lose myself in the green beard of the Earth,
Disregarding the wings of flittermice
And creeping sounds among the interlacing nettle.
I must take hand against the net worm of Doubt,
Intent upon curling the syringa leaves to bondage,
Lest I fall on my knees asking questions
Which only the echoes can answer.

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the course of his campaign he will allude to the virtues of American democracy and the necessity for preserving the American way of life. Yet the fate of both depends, as never before, upon the kind and quality of education our children receive in the classroom today. Thus it is vital that the man who resides in the White House be willing not merely to render lip service to the cause of public education, but be willing actively to use his office for its improvement.

One of the reasons for Mr. Dewey's success as a prosecutor and an administrator — to cite the students of his career again—have been the infinite pains he has taken to brief himself upon every subject he approaches. We respectfully urge that he brief himself thoroughly on the question of American public education. As a starter, we urge him to read "Revolt in the Classroom," by the late Willard Waller of Barnard College, published in *SRL,* Sept. 18, 1943,—an article which we happen to know was not inspired by any lobby, Hitler-like or otherwise.

Writing in the middle of the Second World War, Professor Waller depicted one of society's most essential professions in a condition that verged on desperation: School-teaching's annual turnover—normally high at ten per cent—had risen to twenty per cent. "A great many teaching salaries were hardly sufficient to maintain a self-respecting gorilla on a standard of comfort and decency"; the average American teacher was earning $1,599 a year, or just about $30 a week. The public's opinion of teachers was low, and they were sometimes referred to as "the third sex." Local communities fettered them with petty restrictions on their private lives, sometimes forbidding them to smoke, drink, swear, or play cards. "The schoolmarm," Professor Waller wrote, "is such a ridiculous and yet terrifying figure that many young women find it desirable to hide their profession from young men they have just met." As for men teachers, the draft and the higher wages offered by industry were making them virtually an unknown species in the schools. Professor Waller considered this particularly unfortunate because it led to deterioration of discipline in the classroom and a rise of juvenile delinquency outside.

IN the five years since Professor Waller wrote, the war has come to an end, but the crisis in public education has not. The annual turnover in the teaching professor is still twenty per cent. Last year, not a single state had enough teachers to meet its needs, and approximately 100,000 persons whose qualifications fell short of established standards had to be employed. In some states large numbers of children were denied instruction of any kind. The first contingent of the war-born bumper crop of babies will be trooping off to first grade this autumn, so the need for teachers will continue to grow for at least a half dozen years. As wealthier communities raised their salary scales in the past few years, they drew the best teachers from the poorer areas, further impoverishing their school systems qualitatively and quantitatively.

In terms of purchasing power, the income of school teachers has actually decreased somewhat since Professor Waller wrote. Because of the soaring cost of living, to match his "hardly-fit-for-a-gorilla" 1942-1943 income of $1,599, the average teacher would have had to earn approximately $2,650 during the last school year; the average salary for 1947-1948 was actually about $2,550.

Small wonder that morale in the profession remains low. Society's opinion of the teacher has not risen markedly in the last five years, and if there has been any lessening in the communities' interference with the private lives of teachers it has been slight. Young women schoolteachers still prefer to hide the identity of their calling from the men they meet. Men teachers are still scarce; administrators complain that those entering the profession today are of a lower academic caliber than those before the war. But why should intelligent men choose teaching when other professions—the law, medicine, engineering, and the rest—offer potential incomes two and three times as large?

No matter what steps are taken and how vigorously, it will require a long time to change society's attitude toward the teaching profession, improve the morale of the teachers themselves, and lure larger numbers of the best qualified young men and women into the classroom. But the surest means of hastening the end of our educational crisis is to raise the pay of teachers, not just in dollars, but in terms of actual buying power.

IN his article Professor Waller mentioned S. 637, a bill introduced in the 78th Congress to provide $300,000,000 for Federal aid to education; provisions were included for local and state authorities to retain control over its expenditure. S. 637 long since quietly expired in a Congressional pigeonhole, and while conditions have steadily worsened, Congress has made no move to consider the problem.

It was once possible to argue that public education was properly an exclusive concern of the individual states. But since 1940 alone, twenty million Americans have moved, assuming citizenship in states and areas other than those in which they were educated. Today, because of this interstate commerce in citizens, if a state is to feel confident that its voters have all had the benefit of a first-rate education, it must concern itself about the kind of schooling offered in other states. The future of American democracy rests upon an alert and informed citizenry. No single agency can contribute more to its preservation than the public-school system. Therefore the guarantee of an education of high quality is as fit an object for Federal financial aid as agriculture, veterans, or the Merchant Marine.

It is incumbent upon the man who occupies the White House during the next four years—whether it is Thomas E. Dewey or Harry S. Truman or Henry A. Wallace or James S. Thurmond or Norman Thomas—to encourage every community and every state to devote a proper share of their resources to the improvement of their educational systems. It is incumbent upon him to work for the appropriation of enough Federal aid to iron out the disparities between the systems in the various states and sections so that no American citizen may receive a substandard education through the accident of his birthplace. For, as Governor Dewey himself said, while dedicating a school building two years ago, "Our schools are the cradles of freedom, and freedom is the last and best cause on earth. So long as we cherish the ideals of freedom, we must work unceasingly to give our children the opportunity to be the better and happier men and women who will preserve and strengthen for all time our system of liberty under law."

R. W., JR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

World Law

SIR: Allow me to comment briefly on Sir Alfred Zimmern's stimulating article "Are There Any Experts in the Field of International Relations?" [*SRL* July 10].

I have always admired Sir Alfred's devotion to the cause of international peace. After reading this article, however, I would hardly call him an expert in international law. I am amazed at his dogmatic assertion that international law "is not law." Our own Supreme Court has not only declared repeatedly that it *is* law but has even held that it may at times supersede domestic law.

In lamenting the confusion of thought concerning the law of nations among the "experts" Sir Alfred would seem to be revealing his own lamentable confusion. He has apparently fallen into the common error of the average layman in the subject of saying that because criminals go unpunished there is no law. And yet he at the same time concedes that international [law] is customarily obeyed."

The assertion that "in international law neither the community nor the individual is present" constitutes a strange denial of the universal belief in the community of nations and of peoples.

The theory advanced by Sir Alfred that there should be a "world law" that would replace international law is most confusing. He apparently has in mind a law imposed by a supernational authority and arbitrarily enforced without right of appeal. In the normal community law proceeds from the people who have every recourse to appeal from its interpretation, or to have it repealed. This conception of a "world law" would seem to resemble the ideals of fascism or totalitarianism.

PHILIP M. BROWN.

Williamstown, Mass.

"The Double Axe"

SIR: I have just finished reading Selden Rodman's bewildering review of Robinson Jeffers's new book of poems, "The Double Axe" [*SRL* July 31], and cannot forebear an expression of one reader's reaction thereto.

Has Mr. Rodman been affected by the Jeffers's brand of double-talk? For what else can one call the California hawk-fancier's description of his own attitude as "recognition of the transhuman magnificence"? If "transhuman" can be taken to mean "subhuman" or "anti-human," then the word is necessary to our language; otherwise, it seems to me we must face the fact that it is an attempt to make palatable to readers merely human (but created in the image of God) Mr. Jeffers's utter and noisome contempt for the human race into which, it appears, he regrets having been born. Incidentally, I cannot pass by the quotation from "The Double Axe" which appears with the review: "When man stinks, turn to God." What kind of God does Mr. Jeffers's muse recognize? How can a person—even a person who, according to Mr. Rodman, "remains as close to a major poet as we have"—have faith in God who has no faith in man?

What Jeffers says with his vaunted "integrity," it appears from Mr. Rodman's own dissenting comment, "seems . . . totally irresponsible, politically, poetically, humanly." I should agree with the tone of this comment, while altering the term "irresponsible." Mr. Jeffers, and those of his ilk, wherever and in whatever form they write, are not "irresponsible"—they are "responsible" rather, by their "gripping and powerfully paced" writings, for much of the totalitarian madness that has been loosed upon the world, which has led so many human beings ("Man stinks," says Mr. Jeffers) to death, or dispossession, or the worst kind of stinking degradation. That goes for all kinds of totalitarianism, whatever its political coloration.

No, Mr. Jeffers is not irresponsible, he is a responsible human being (though the term seems strange in the context). But a review like Mr. Rodman's is truly irresponsible. How in heaven's name can he condemn a point of view so strongly—and justly—and then praise its expression in such terms as this: "But how many poets since Shakespeare have combined (various qualities not found in Jeffers) with over-all directness and dramatic power?" Even worse, how can he mention Jeffers in the same breath with the poets he brings in for comparison—"He belongs in the ranks of Dryden and Byron, Whitman and Lindsay"? Whitman and Lindsay, who believed in the American dream, and in the dream of all unfettered humanity—Byron, who threw his life away in the cause of freedom? even Dryden, who, though he said "Thy chase had a beast in view: / Thy wars brought nothing about," nevertheless added, "'Tis well an old age is out, / And time to begin a new"?

GERARD PREVIN MEYER.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

"Junior . . . Junior . . . if you're in there send up a flare."

"Don't Resign from the Human Race"

DEAR SIR: I should like to make two comments about your searching editorial entitled "Don't Resign from the Human Race" [*SRL* Aug. 7]. First of all, I should like to underline your telling sentence in which you point out that "the only price he [modern man] has to pay for his survival is decision." We need this word at a time when lack of a sense of direction vies for dominance with a feeling of personal and group insecurity. For too many people believe that we are caught in a global process which carries us, willy-nilly, into a future which depends, little or not at all, upon our own decisions.

I was disappointed in the last four or five paragraphs of your editorial because they seemed to be negative in tone. Surely the time is past when we can rouse people about the urgent problems of our time by trying to frighten them with a fear psychology. I believe you are using this method in the last few paragraphs of your fine editorial. Such a negative approach in my judgment is sterile.

A. WILLIAM LOOS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: You write:

". . . we doubt whether you can find either security or greatness today

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by looking for it through a gun barrel."

". . . ability to retaliate in modern warfare, even by a nation which enjoyed superior force, is no longer assured."

Then you say:

"This does not mean that America should throw away her weapons . . . unilateralism with respect to disarmament is as dangerous as any other form of unilateralism in the world today."

The scientific proclamations of those in the know to the effect that discouragingly total oblivion is the world's fate comes the "next" war—these proclamations placed alongside their continued assistance in the manufacture of just such weapons—put me in a blue funk.

You and thousands of others who think along these lines probably have as much or far more sense, wisdom, honesty, sincerity than I—but damn it, I just can't see but that you make out a powerful case and then suddenly retreat from the clear implications of your own logic. You decry unilateralism, knowing all the while that had you been in the Nazi army and commanded to turn on the faucet of a gas chamber wherein were a couple of thousand prisoners you would *unilaterally* have refused. "Yes," you say, "but individual unilateralism and national unilateralism are two different things." I wonder? I'm making what I believe to be an honest effort to see how you and many,many others can reconcile what seems to me a paradox.

STUART MOORE.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: Congratulations. It's a masterpiece. I hope it will be widely distributed in pamphlet or book form. It should also be thrust upon every statesman and government official in the U. S., and in every other nation in every language.

DEWITT LOUNSBERY.

New York, N. Y.

Our Error

SIR: In the biographical piece on Elliot Paul [*SRL* July 24] it is stated that Mr. Paul founded *transition.*

Regardless of the merits of *transition,* some writers and scholars have been laboring under the impression that *transition* was founded by Eugene Jolas, single-handed, and that Eliot Paul became an associate editor quite a while after.

As a subscriber to your family journal and as a stickler for accuracy, I would welcome your setting me right on this score.

JACQUES LE CLERCQ.

Flushing, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Twentieth-Century Authors" misled us. Mr. Jolas was, indeed,* transition's *sole founder, and Mr. Paul became an associate editor in* 1927.

Fitzgeraldana Wanted

SIR: I am interested in any memories or mementoes of or on Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald. I wonder if your readers could help me out?

PAUL MCLENDON, JR.

18 Scott St.,

Montgomery, Ala.

Personal History.

Many will say that the great days of the American theatre have passed, the days of John Drew, Helena Modjeska, Otis Skinner, so freshly evoked in Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Family Circle," reviewed below. Yet it is worth listening to Allardyce Nicoll, who writes in the recently published new edition of his "The Development of the Theatre": "The important thing for the theatre today is to recapture its lost sense of myth, to forget the incidental and cast its memory once more back to the eternal, to find scope for those words on which ultimately its strength must rest. Words, created by the poetic imagination and given true actor's utterance; costumes adorning these actors and making rich play for the eyes; light bathing the actors in a varied radiance—these are the things which might bring the theatre truly to life again."

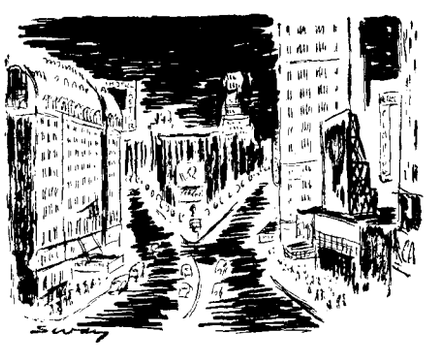
At Home & Abroad with the Skinners

FAMILY CIRCLE. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 310 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LUCIUS BEEBE

IT is a mistake, the reviewer of this particularly urbane and agreeable volume of reminiscences believes, for its author to confess herself, as she does in one of its middle chapters, to be a contemporary of Madame Helena Modjeska. The reviewer himself is a contemporary of Edward VII, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and an unconscionable number of old-time sirs, but discovers that its admission has a depressing effect upon his friends who, on its strength, incline to assist him with his wraps and caution him about the steps. Modjeska is, somehow, associated in the general intelligence with goldrush days in California or, at the most recent period available with, say, Lola Montez and Piper's Opera House at Virginia City, and the effect doesn't do justice to Miss Skinner.

"Family Circle" is removed from the usual actor's reminiscences by the pleasant determination of its author that it should be a family story about her mother and father, the American theatre's immortal Maude and Otis Skinner, and herself as a member of the Skinner family, not as a character in her own professional right in a glittering worldly midst. It is an American book, largely about American people and American places and, as such, the direct antithesis of, say, the memoirs of such equally vital performers as Gertrude Lawrence or the late Grace Moore, whose chronicles are a veritable vertigo of royalties, regal processionals, and aristocratic triumphs. The nearest approach to dealings with the *haute noblesse* contrived by the Skinners was when, during a tour of Spain, they were received by a proud Castilian nobleman named Don Diego somebody, whom Mrs. Skinner, in an inspired moment, insisted on addressing as San Diego. It was Mrs. Skinner, too, who, confronted with Blasco Ibanez when Otis Skinner was preparing to play "Blood and Sand," contrived to salute him variously as Blanzo Ibasneth, Blisco Ignatius, and occasionally Balco Posnet. Travel with the Skinners was more or less like that.



But travel Miss Skinner did on a determined and almost continuous scale that was characteristic of the families of actors when there was such a thing as the road. At an early age she experienced an earthquake in San Francisco, a train wreck at Sand Point, Idaho, oysters Rockefeller at Antoine's in New Orleans, and the fairly unique humiliation of being detected as gentile and ejected from the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake.

Later she attended Bryn Mawr, and a frighteningly clear portrait of what goes on in women's colleges emerges briefly to explain the conduct and complexes of any number of women in American business and public life:

> The standard ideal was to be athletic, studious (to a temperate degree), and splendidly clear-eyed. Miss Bryn Mawr was the wholesome

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American peach, good at studies and sports, splendidly fair-minded, and bravely guiltless of makeup. She was typified by the girl who, selected as the best all-round jolly-good person of the year, was awarded a prize known, I regret to say, as the "Sunny Jim." A good deal of emphasis is placed on the sort of hearty religion which espoused settlement work, attendance at theological sessions in summer camps, and carol-singing in snowdrifts.

Somehow from amidst the perils of earthquakes, train wrecks, and even Bryn Mawr, Miss Skinner emerged with an unimpaired sense of humor, a handy memory for detail and anecdote, and a considerable knowledge of the theatre in a generation before her own. She brings her narrative to a conclusion, with a modesty seldom encountered in her calling, on the evening when she made her first appearance, with her father, on the stage at the Empire in Broadway, leaving the impression that "Family Circle" is a temperate and refreshing family album contrived by a wise and witty woman who has seen a great deal and took a great deal of pleasure in the seeing.

Mississippi Childhood Capers

SMILE PLEASE. By Mildred Spurrier Topp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MRS. TOPP'S memories of her Mississippi childhood add up to one of the most riotous records of the year. The same spirited independence which made her mother, Mrs. Spurrier, decide (her husband had run away with another woman) to leave her well-to-do father's home, where she was more than welcome, and learn the photographer's trade, involved the two little Spurriers, Mildred and Velma, in an endless series of escapades and satisfactory adventures.

Having learned all that the best photographers in Murfeesboro, Tenn., and Demopolis, Ala., could teach her about the trade which she had chosen with such acumen, Mrs. Spurrier settled down in Greenwood, Miss., a town of three or four thousand where there was no photographer and plenty of cotton money. With $2,000 borrowed from her father she built a gallery which included living quarters for herself and the two little girls, and soon found herself with a thriving business. But her active, energetic life was quiet compared to her small daughters' crowded days.

Mildred and Velma were obviously the most accomplished "little pitchers" for miles around, and gifted as they were with sharp eyes they missed nothing that went on in Greenwood. When Mr. Epps was tried for having emptied four bullets from his six-shooter into his wife's lover (he had saved two for two other, slightly less ardent gentlemen), Mildred and Velma concealed themselves in the balcony of the courthouse, though the trial had been advertised as "For Men Only." When a Republican cowboy eloped with the beautiful Miss Amy Oliver, Mildred and Velma put their best energies into assisting the course of true love, but that was as nothing to their efforts to help Mrs. Montmorency have her baby in time to get to Richmond for the national convention of the DAR, of which she was president-general.

Mildred loved words, and with a fine disregard for pronunciation or the nicer shades of meaning used new vocabulary acquisitions lavishly. "I hear," she said, discussing the neighbors, "that drummers are sometimes very immortal." Then there was the splendid inscription which she and Velma worked out for the valentine they sent for their mother (unbeknownst to her, to be sure) to the judge who had been so attentive:

> If you will be my valentine,
> I will be your concubine.

They were not just sure about "concubine" but thought it must be a suitably "romancy" word, since King Solomon used it often. All the usual jingles seemed "so tripe." But after the unexpected results of the valentine they were careful to be "tripe as anything" for some time.

There was no monotony about life in Greenwood, what with revivals and showboats, the annual parade of everyone, man and master, from the great plantation "Mistletoe," when the cotton was harvested. The Spurrier neighbors were endlessly fascinating too—the rich Yancey brothers; Gerald, the hunchback musician who hated children, and Charlie, the deaf-mute who loved them; Mr. Dooley, the town drunk; the Leathermans, who slept all day and were busy about the house and their garden all night—a preference not shared by maids, so that they did all the work themselves—, Mr. Leatherman reading Plato to his wife while she ironed.

It appears to be unfashionable now to have had a happy childhood; but Mrs. Topp is not ashamed to admit that, unrepressed and uninhibited, she had just that. Her book is a hilarious excursion into a delightful past.

Since All My Steps Taken

By W. S. Graham

SINCE all my steps taken
Are audience of my last
With hobnail on Ben Narnain
Or mind on the word's crest
I'll walk the kyleside shingle
With scarcely a hark back
To the step dying from my heel
Or the creak of the rucksack.
All journey, since the first
Step from my father and mother
Towards the word's crest
Or walking towards that other,
The new step arrives out
Of all my steps taken
And out of today's light.
Day long I've listened for,
Like the cry of a rare bird
Blown into life in the ear,
The speech to that dead horde
Since all my steps taken
Are audience of my last
With hobnail on Ben Narain
Or mind on the word's crest.

Probing a Pundit

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG: Scientist and Mystic. By Signe Toksvig. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 389 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MORTON G. WHITE

"HIS writings would be a sufficient library to a lonely and athletic student," said Emerson, as if he had once been trapped in the rows of remote shelving usually devoted to the books of Swedenborg. Miss Toksvig has gone through these shelves in Sweden, England, and America, and has come out with a useful biography of a singular figure in the history of thought. Miss Toksvig has not only read Swedenborg, she has turned to psychiatry, handwriting experts, writers on psychical research, to devoted Swedenborgians, and to generous readers of Swedenborg's scientific writings for help in drawing an objective picture of his life and work. Her own attitude is avowedly "nonsectarian," so that her book lacks the wildness of the faithful as well as the irritation-value of those who sneer at extra-sensory perception. For this reason it will not make people rush out to buy sets of "Arcana Celestia," or "Conjugal Love." But it will give an informative account of a tremendously versatile man—an understanding reader of Newton who conversed with the astronomers Halley and Flamsteed, a professional mineralogist, a

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mathematician, anatomist, physiologist, theologian, and confidant of notable spirits in and out of this world.

Books on encyclopedists must be written by encyclopedists if they are to light up all the corners or even to seem uniformly sensible. Unfortunately there are few minds (carnate or discarnate) up to this kind of job, so that Miss Toksvig may be excused for not writing the book on Swedenborg that Leibnitz could have written. But in all the fields in which she is not expert she wisely and generously cites those whom she respects. There seems to be no doubt that Swedenborg made important discoveries in science (some say he anticipated Einstein); as to his telepathic powers I cannot judge. But his philosophy—he subscribed to Aldous Huxley's version of the Perennial Philosophy according to Miss Toksvig—is a hopeless muddle which his admirers had best play down; it is effectively demolished in Kant's "Dreams of a Spirit-Seer" and reasonably chided in Emerson's "Representative Men." Apparently Swedenborg had what the psychologists now call paranormal experiences and it is to his credit that he tried to construct a theory which would explain them; but there is good reason to reject the perennial philosophy Miss Toksvig assigns to Swedenborg. It might explain them if it were clear and true, but we still need convincing answers to the questions which have been directed for centuries at "the metaphysic that recognizes a divine Reality substantial to the world of things and lives and minds; the psychology that finds in the soul something similar to, or even identical with, divine Reality; the ethic that places man's final end in the knowledge of the immanent and transcendent Ground of all being." Moreover, it is still quite difficult to see the connection between this philosophy and the "experience, geometry, and power of reasoning" which Swedenborg regarded as the principal means of attaining knowledge.

In 1869, Henry James, Sr., published "The Secrets of Swedenborg," a sample of Swedenborg's large influence in America in the nineteenth century. Like the author of the similarly named book on Hegel, James kept secret what he was trying to divulge. But Miss Toksvig is no oracle. She has written a modest, helpful book on one of the most learned men in the history of modern times. Anyone interested in his *secret* will profit by her many scholarly hints. It would appear that those who are *very* interested and who go through the proper motions might even ask Swedenborg himself.

Ideas and Studies.

Although historical novels are being published in quantity today, there has been a rising chorus of criticism aimed at their quality. A few stand out, like Hervey Allen's recent "Toward the Morning," but the majority can truly be labeled historical romances—*for they are in effect narcotics, books of escape, skilfully written but in the end unreal. By contrast, a handful of authors deal with the past as if it were the present and thus build up for their readers a feel of reality. Many will remember the immediacy of Robert Graves's historical novels—"I, Claudius," "King Jesus," and others—an immediacy which arises not only from Graves's skill in writing but from his knowledge and understanding of the past. How profoundly he has steeped himself in the experiences of mankind is shown in the unusual book reviewed below.*

Testament of a Poet

THE WHITE GODDESS. By Robert Graves. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 412 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by CONRAD ARENSBERG

ROBERT GRAVES perhaps made his mark for his historical novels, but it is as a poet and scholar, a master-bard in the ancient pagan tradition of the Celtic world, that he conceives himself. This book is his testament. It is an extraordinary book, proof that he is not wrong in his conception of himself.

"The White Goddess" is not to be understood easily in this "cockney civilization," which Graves so deplores. He addresses this testament of his as a poet to fellow-poets. He believes that true poetry has always had and can have but a single theme. It must celebrate that theme in its own language of allusion and allegory, a grammar free of the shackles of precision and orderliness that make prose and prose sense, a grammar *sui generis*. But its language cannot be private or precious or idiosyncratic. It must be anchored to a common tradition of religious myth and allegorical ritual enacted by a populace, and refined into a mystic science by poet-scholars. The common tradition embodies the single theme, at once sacred mystery for a people and ever-renewed inspiration for its bards.

Robert Graves: "A true poem is an invocation of the White Goddess . . . the female-spider whose embrace is death."

Graves tells us that for the Western Europeans, descendants of Mediterranean Man, who share a common antiquity carrying back into the remotest Stone Age of the sea-lands that stretch from Celtic Ireland to Minoan Greece, there has been but one traditional embodiment of the Single Theme of poetry. The Theme, of course, is the progression of life from birth to death. Its embodiments in myth and ritual that give inspiration to true poetry for Europeans have always had an age-old, ancestral identity, far antedating both Classicism with its Olympian pantheon and Christianity. Graves is sure of this identity. He gives us this book to document his certainty.

The ancestral Theme, he tells us, is "the antique story . . . of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of the God of the Waxing Year and of the God's losing battle with the God of the Waning Year for the love of the capricious and all-powerful Three-fold Goddess: their mother, bride, and layer-out: The White Goddess." Let me quote him to make the identification clear:

> The test of a poet's vision is the accuracy of his portrayal of the White Goddess and of the Island [*i.e.* Avalon, the after-world] over which she rules. The reason why the hairs stand on end, the skin crawls, and a shiver runs down the spine

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when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, the Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright and lust, the female-spider or the queen-bee whose embrace is death.

But Graves is no mere belated partisan of the White Goddess Hecate and her Orphic mysteries. He has made his book an exciting cryptanalysis of hidden or forgotten invocations of the Theme and the White Goddess through centuries of religious change and poetic imagery. He brings together Classical and Christian, Judaic and Celtic (Old Irish and Welsh) allegories and cryptograms in an astonishing demonstration of scholarship, ingenuity, and critical sense. One must leave a good deal of his historical documentation of religious distortions and conversions of cult and myth for other scholars to check. But his citation of archeological evidence, from Irish dolmens and oghams to Minnao grave-furniture and mosaic icons, his use of contemporary trial records of medieval black-art and seventeenth-century witch rites make an impressive support for his thesis that the Theme survived as a living religion, ready for poetic use, until the industrial revolution.

Graves does more than to cover once again the ground of "The Golden Bough." He makes of anthropological "survivals," of ultimate rites and myths as ancient as Cro-Magnon cave-paintings, a continuum of popular inspiration and common bardic tradition, the lack of which today is the defeat of poetry. One can discount his enthusiast's restriction of the title "true poet" to those who have tapped this native, pagan, naturalistic, Dionysian mystic source. One can share his hatred for the Apollonian niceties of the successive bowdlerizers of his originally orgiastic pagan mother-cults. The Achaeans, who brought a Zeus-ruled pantheon and patriarchal stuffiness to Pelasgian Greece, were the first of these for Graves, and the Puritans and Victorians who suppressed popular Mariolatry in England were the latest. But one must admit a great historical and natural justice to his case.

Fervor and emotion, ecstacy and frenzy, must always survive, and the day in which they are banished from human life is a sad day both for poetry and for man. Graves's "historical grammar of poetic myth" is far more than a pathetic, nostalgic archaizing in search of lost roots, a mere British counterpart of a Nazi Rosenberg's Woden cult. It is a reminder of the need of poetry in art and in life.

The Nakorokan Way of Life

FIJIAN VILLAGE. By Buell Quain. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1948. 459 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

VANUA LEVU is the northernmost of the larger Fiji Islands. In 1935 Mr. Buell Quain, a graduate student in anthropology at Columbia University, spent ten months in the inland village of Nakoroka on Vanua Levu, living with its one hundred inhabitants and studying their ways of life. In this book Mr. Quain gives an account of the conquest of Fiji, of the effects of Tongan and white contacts, of households, livelihood, castes and chieftainship, priests, kinship, the life cycle and its ceremonies, trouble, keeping the peace, and social cohesion; but somehow the account rarely comes alive, and the background remains too often flat and one-dimensional. In fact, the book reads surprisingly like an old-style ethnography, with its account of social organization neatly packed away in one chapter, religion in another, and so on, while the human beings of whom these traits are functions remain the merest puppets.

Contemporary anthropologists are generally agreed that any account of a human culture—that is, of the way of life of a particular society—must be functional if it is to teach us anything concerning the nature of human nature or of society. A culture is nothing if it is not functional. It is the task of the anthropologist to discover, analyze, and describe the manner in which the living reticulum which is culture functions. A mere description of the overt characters of a culture can give us no more idea of the way in which the culture actually functions than can the bare description of the organs of an organism give us a knowledge of the manner in which the organism behaves. Such descriptions are, however, not altogether without value if they provide some material which enables other anthropologists to put the culture together, at least partially, for themselves. It is to some extent possible to do this with the materials provided by Mr. Quain in the present volume. Indeed, in her excellent introduction Professor Ruth Benedict has attempted to thread the red thread of functional relation and meaning through Mr. Quain's labyrinth of facts.

Nakorokan society is characterized by great freedom of choice in most ac-

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tivities of life, activities which in other societies are usually rigidly determined. The Nakorokan may choose his ancestor god, his occupation, his relatives, and even his chief. In this freedom of individuality one cannot help seeing a significant relation to the extraordinary gentleness and lack of constraint with which the Nakorokans treat their children. Here, indeed, would seem to be a clear case of the influence of child-rearing practices upon the character of the persons and upon the character of some, at least, of the institutions of this society. Freedom and individuality, kindness and cooperativeness, are greatly encouraged in childhood, and the training substantially carries over into adult life. Nakoroka is therefore a generous and cooperative society.

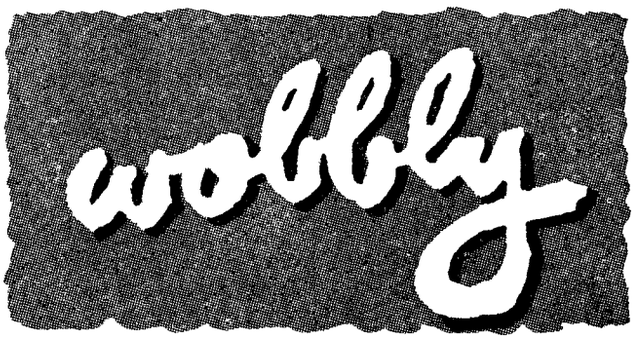
While roles may, in general, be freely chosen, they are nevertheless quite rigidly and minutely defined. One must conform punctiliously to prescriptions and requirements for behavior. Conformity here serves to balance freedom of choice, but it does not quite produce equilibrium, for Nakorokan men exhibit some anxiety about status, and advancement in status in Nakoroka must be achieved. The anxiety is an effect of the Nakorokan's freedom of choice, for rank depends on subjective judgment, and since one's own version of one's rank usually differs from others', a certain amount of insecurity is thus generated. In such a society those who are least concerned about status consolidate their position most satisfactorily.

Georgia Summer

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

THIS is the spider lily's slumberous hour,
The gold lantanas' on the broken fence,
The crickets' bronze siesta. The cock's-comb flower
Withers and droops in carmine opulence.
Cape jasmines, nodding, shift the last red dust
A wagon made, and whiten once again;
Spreading hot wings, a sparrow eyes the west,
Scorning its broken promises of rain.
A yellow-jacket rises now and falls
In failing rhythms where the heat drifts clear
Over a motionless sea of cotton bolls
Ripening on leaves no single wind has stirred.
Red cannas' listless tongues hang on the air,
Speechless, even, for a scarlet word.

The rough-and-tumble story of an American radical



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(who wrote the song SOLIDARITY FOREVER)

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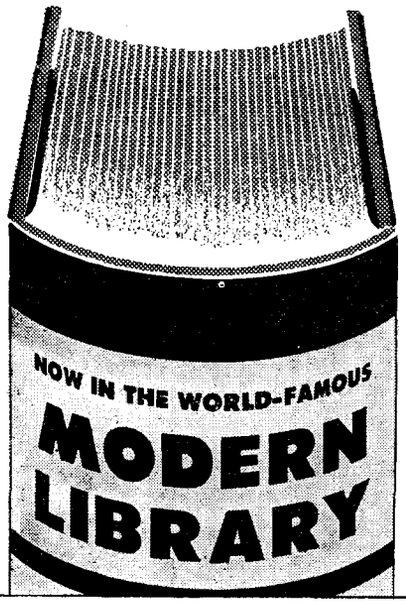

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PROWLING FOR COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

(*Continued from page* 11)

the public-relations mouthpiece, efficiency expert, or glorified manager, charged with a university of ten to twenty thousand students and many separate schools—the whole committed as irresistibly as a spiral nebula to a policy of indefinite expansion in size and intricacy, often with corresponding dissipation of strength and quality.

Today the lack of a philosophy of education results in no little vagueness and indecision about the whole duty of a university president. And as a substitute for clarity of aims we offer a proliferation of managerial functions: more and more vice presidents talking into more dictaphones, deans, committees, questionnaires, files, hierarchies of paper-work and of responsibility. One itches for the pruning knife called "Occam's Razor." Visitors from English and European universities—where the head executive officer serves by rotation, and stress falls less heavily upon personal government—are apt to find our campuses administration-ridden. They contrast the relaxed and rather haphazard *modus operandi* of their institutions, a heritage no doubt from medieval days when students hired and fired their own faculty and could even pick up their universities and set them down elsewhere (as somebody has said) "like itinerant peddlers." The Old World university system (now buried deep under two world wars) has many aspects not at all admirable, but its casual attitude toward organization may serve as a healthy antidote.

In the modern president's life the centrifugal pull away from education is so strong—into finance, public relations, endowment drives, civic works, innumerable speeches on subjects like "Forestry Faces the Future" or "The Challenge of Nursing in the Atomic Age" (all generally ghost-written)—that unless his roots go deep into the educational subsoil he will find himself becoming everything but an educator. The outsider as president is prone to succumb more readily, too often finding not only his speechwriting vicarious but also his knowledge of teaching, his administration through channels, his scholarship, and, thanks to the demands of travel, even his physical presence. Unless he fights manfully against the drift, the president is apt to become more a symbol than a reality. The man of long academic conditioning has a better chance, and statesmanship in the president's chair today is certainly not unknown. Among the thirty Rhodes Scholars who are or have been college and university heads, for example, the quota of intellectual leaders has been gratifying. And from our oldest university President Conant often speaks wisely and well about the architecture of the higher learning in America. Although I have grave misgivings about some internal policies and politics which Mr. Hutchins has pursued at Chicago, in fairness I must add that among his generation he has been conspicuous for grasping boldly the nettle of educational theories, and in approaching world affairs through the avenues of education rather than attacking them by the ambush method or diversionary sally popular with some campus orators.

THE larger state university tends to produce a presidential type of its own—the arbiter of administrative complexities, the liaison officer between his institution and the people of the state and legislature—that at its best is admirable. President Robert Gordon Sproul of the University of California administers with sure skill its eight campuses (not counting Los Alamos), staff of 12,000, student body of 41,000, and annual budget of almost forty millions. No scholar himself, he has what it takes to run the world's largest university, including a long apprenticeship to university finance, a knack for saying just the right word in a booming voice built for open-air theatres, a keen mind in a tireless body, a politician's gift as mixer and memorizer and persuader of legislators, a lifelong educator's championship of free speech and democratic procedure yet a Republican allegiance soothing to the excitable. To paraphrase Doctor Boteler's well-known observation on the strawberry, God doubtless could have made a better president of the University of California than Robert Sproul, but doubtless God never did.

Among state universities and elsewhere, a sprinkling of top research men sometimes become presidents, but find it impossible to carry on their investigations. Occasionally, having set their hand to the plow they look back—as is happening with President Herbert Davis in his resignation from Smith. The majority grow reconciled to the new life with its undoubtedly rewarding tasks, excitements, contacts, sense of power, and better

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salary. Universities do well not to cut short the career of a great creative mind in either the humanities or sciences by cajoling him into administration. But a fair scholar and teacher is he who best understands a workshop of higher learning. Further demand for the nonacademic president will drive still deeper the cleft between "practical" type and professor, the so-called man of action and the man of thought about which cartoonists of the New Deal made so much. (Woolgathering, ineptitude, and time-wasting are popularly imputed to the tribe of professors, and after many a long faculty or committee meeting I have been tempted to own the impeachment, until I recalled certain contacts through the years, frequently among trustees, with the costive legal mind and the frivolous business mind at work.)

Beyond doubt the generation of great savant-presidents is in eclipse, and sometimes the darkness lours thickly. Not long ago a friend of mine assisted at an academic gymkhana called "Scholarship Day" at a big university nationally known for its football stars and Olympic athletes, and heard the president—a handsome white-maned old gentleman who looked every inch a college head in the cinema—open the convocation with the impressive words, "Here at the University of Philistia we have one day in the year which is dedicated to—*scholarship!*"

A flair for raising money seemingly is as necessary for a president's complete success as a winning team to the coach. Shrinking interest rates, plus inflated costs and the academic housing shortage, whet the sense of urgency. The nearing close of the GI Bill and the postponement of Federal aid to education mean that many colleges and universities will soon be running strictly on their own again. They have accumulated the momentum of recent years but now find themselves hurtling off a paved highway onto a dirt road. Since the war's end a half-dozen leading universities and hosts of small ones have organized endowment drives. The prospect

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C. B. TINKER:
*ESSAYS IN RETROSPECT**

Yet one cannot help feeling that it would be a good thing for the state of poetry and for . . . poets . . . if the courteous reader knew what it was all about, and felt that his "favorable construction" had something to do with its prevalence.

*Reprinted from an article contributed to *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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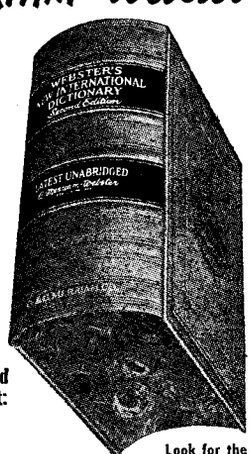

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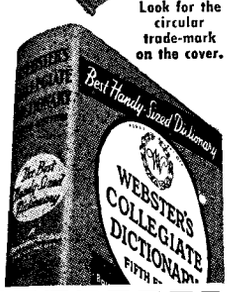

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is none too promising. The golden age of Harkness and Sterling has yielded to the silver age of minor philanthropy at bargain rates, in the shadow of the taxgatherer's sickle. Baby-kissing among the affluent will consume more and more of a president's time. Hence the continued temptation to cast a political or public figure in this role. Curiously enough, however, the greatest money-raisers in collegiate history have not been hard-headed businessmen or martial heroes in mufti, but scholars whose eyes held the misty communicable glint of vision, like James Rowland Angell and Robert A. Millikan. It is the great idealist in education who, at his best, can charm the birds off the trees and pipe the dollars in his wake.

Yet some authorities are so obtuse as to plump unashamedly for the gladhander *par excellence*. The University of New Mexico recently fired a Harvard-trained scholar who had proved himself an effective head but unclubable man, impervious to local politics. In his chair, they installed the campus comptroller, an ex-football star, Rotarian, and sparkplug of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. At his nadir the new-style university president becomes almost indistinguishable from the greeter. ("And when *he* greets 'em," as a hotel manager once boasted to me of a lately-hired receptionist, "why, by God, they stay greeted!")

THE evolution of the big American university and of the university that aspires to bigness—the heightened complexity, structural hierarchies, blind drive toward expansion, somewhat lagging finances—supplies the clue to this growing choice of executives who have made their mark in other fields than education. And we must reckon, of course, with our mass theory of versatility, the national penchant for transposing success from one key into another—a job whose honorific character the public chiefly glimpses.

The power to make such decisions lies effectually with boards of trustees. Of course as soon as the office falls vacant, a faculty committee is appointed to make recommendations. At first it takes itself very seriously, compiling lists of eligibles that may run to a hundred names, writing letters and exploring minds, trafficking in gossip and hush-hush, ill concealing blushes of personal availability, and busily scouring the country with the air of a Boy Scouts' reconnaissance. But the real decision is reached one day in a smoke-filled board room. Now trustees or regents in general are men of great good will but comparative ignorance about the daily workings of the institution they hold in trust. Perhaps necessarily they live in a world of hearsay, multiple mirrors, casual impressions, and the reverberations of publicity. They are apt to be busy citizens, with a sincere but fitful concern—at calendar intervals—for the college or university. The president himself will find relative safety in their numbers, since the power of each trustee is thereby diluted and the unanimity behind a ukase more remote. But if they are few and propinquitous, he is likely to imagine their hot breath down his neck until he develops slightly neurotic symptoms. And it goes without saying that to him they will always seem unpredictable. Among trustees the ideal is neither bored to slumber nor over-zealous in his job—for the too enthusiastic trustee, often an alumnus who never grew up, can burgeon on any campus into an outright menace.

TRUSTEES of the larger universities are apt to be bankers, railroad and shipping magnates, newspaper owners, insurance executives, corporation lawyers. Such boards have always favored men of property. This circumstance, so sinister to the eyes of Upton Sinclair, should be accepted as one of life's realities. For the majority are not devils, but potential angels. Yet I venture to guess that a study of earlier eras in American education would reveal a higher ratio than today of bishops and other ministers, physicians, educators, and citizens of inherited means with tastes of the gentleman scholar. Such a mixed complexion would assure better balance than the average board of today—which tends naturally to favor a candidate made in its own image, at any rate talking the same language, or else a Big Name. Least fortunate of all is the attitude whereby a minority of trustees regard the president along with his professors as "hired men." Inevitably they smile upon the candidate whose concept of his office resembles Admiral Dewey's toward the Presidency, who (in his famous interview in 1900) thought that all the Chief Executive had to do was to take orders. Not long ago the regents of a state university who had slugged it out for four years with a president of independent mind, fired him, and at last filled his place with a colorless zoologist who as acting head had passed his obedience test *summa cum laude*.

This is probably the worst recommendation any aspirant can offer. For the president of a university, in all his

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multifarious acts—as consultant with the trustees, elder brother to the alumni, comrade of the faculty, father to the students—must display unfaltering courage, or his office becomes a farce. In its lack the really vital decisions are impossible. While a college president can and must delegate responsibilities, in the last analysis he cannot delegate consequences. To be deflected or cowed by criticism, opposition, slander, or mere expediency is to fail—and fail as ignobly as in any arena known to public life. Of course in sectors of debatable opinion, in dealing with minor matters and with personalities, tact and prudence are obvious needs; but upon first principles the president cannot afford to compromise. I think of my old friend George Norlin, late president of the University of Colorado: how back in 1924 he grimly battled a Klan-elected governor who had informed him that the then-impoverished campus might write its own appropriation bill if Jews and Catholics were purged from the faculty; how nine years later, when Norlin found himself Roosevelt Professor of History at the University of Berlin, during the spring after the Nazis came to power he spoke his mind from the lecture platform with incredible audacity.

The worth of valor can hardly be exaggerated, not only because the president has to serve as chief watchdog of intellectual freedom on his campus, but because he speaks *ex officio* as one of the few oracles still held in considerable popular respect by our irreverent civilization. He symbolizes the dignity and integrity of his university, and is assumed to be a little freer from partisanship and opportunism than the common run. He is a defender of the faith among free and thinking men. If a university president accepts this prime obligation, cultivates broad understanding if not scholarship, and keeps within himself a climate of serenity and justice, it matters not too gravely whether he knows all about cost accounting, has a winsome microphone manner, or started his professional career as instructor, bank messenger, or shavetail.

Dixon Wecter is chairman of the research group at the Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.; professor of American literature in the University of California at Los Angeles, and author of, among other books, "The Hero in America" (1941) and the recently published "The Age of the Great Depression."

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Seeing Things

WESTWARD HO!

THE *Twentieth Century* had been rushing up the Hudson Valley for many miles, breathless and luxurious, before I noticed the compass my older boy held open in his hand. His grandfather, who had carried it as a doughboy in France during World War I, had given it to him two years before at Christmas time. Since then, along with some captured enemy medals and the gray cap of a German soldier which came with it, it had been on permanent display as a major exhibit in my son's museum. The seashells, the rocks, the arrowheads, knives, helmets, bayonets, and old coins, among which it had been placed on the middle (or museum) shelf in his bedroom bookcase, had been pushed back to make way for it. No one had been allowed to touch it, much less to remove it. Yet here it was, off the shelf, out in the open, away from the protection of four walls, and very much in use. Accordingly, as Poughkeepsie blurred past, I could not resist asking, "Why the compass?" "Just in case," my son said shyly, though not without hope, "oh, just in case the engineer loses his way."

The compass was only one of many hints as to how different this trip west was to be from the countless trips I have made—alone—north and south, east and west, during the past twenty years. All of us who are adults have discovered our own Americas, and then lost them by taking them for granted and misplacing that sense of wonder which is the juice of living. To rediscover America, to have the tedium of travel routed by excitement or the routine lifted into adventure, we have only to see the country through eleven-year-old eyes. Yes, and to see it, as I was doing, through eleven-year-old hopes, dreams, interests, and fears, too.

Why eleven, instead of twelve or thirteen, as the age at which to take a child on such a far-flung jaunt? The railway companies come swiftly to the parents' aid in settling this. Their insistence is that the eleventh is the last year youngsters can travel half-fare. Could any argument be more persuasive or more final? But the rail executives are better child psychologists than they mean to be. Eleven can claim its other advantages, no less beckoning. It means the child is neither too young to remember nor too old to show amazement. His curiosities are endless, active, underfed, and indiscriminate. He is unashamedly responsive. The world for him is still all pearl and no oyster, and few things in it have lost their newness.

To grown-ups is travel merely a means, often monotonous if not irksome, of getting somewhere? Is one train apt to be like another? Has the magic vanished from those rites by which upright seats are converted after sundown into curtained beds? Are Pullman shades things to pull down at night and keep firmly shut, until breakfast time, against the lights and sights which flicker by in the dark outside? Have meals in most restaurants or diners come to represent bows to necessity rather than acts of pleasure? Does many a city, from its Statler to its Walgreen, bear such a twin's resemblance to the last that, on reaching it in the early morning, we could swear the town we have just left must have hurried ahead to greet us? Do we cross state lines without noting them or feeling, because of having crossed them, any kinship to Parkman or to Rogers and Clark?

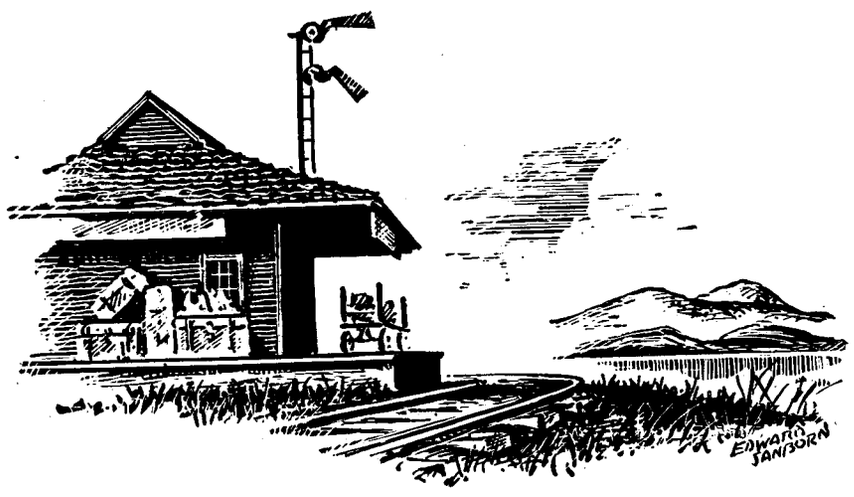
As adults, our answers to all such questions may be a "Yes." But no boy of eleven would be guilty of such an answer. Not if he is normal, in good health, and worthy of his years. Not if he is going on his first long journey. Most certainly not if, as someone raised on the Atlantic seaboard, he is at last heading west and seeing the country for the first time.

For weeks—more accurately, for months—before that hot afternoon on which we boarded the *Century*, we had talked about this trip. I was to be at Boulder, Colo., for a week of the Writers' Conference. This provided us with what was at once our reason and excuse. My younger son, promised that he, too, at the same age would have a similar safari, followed every detail of the planning without envy and with excitement. There was no mistaking that, in his eyes, his brother was a figure comparable to Vasco da Gama, Buffalo Bill, and Admiral Byrd.

As a rule, for budgetary reasons, I do not travel in a drawing room, much less on the *Century*. Yet obviously for this trip to Chicago, it *had* to be the *Century*. Yes, and a drawing room, too. So often we rob tomorrow's memories by today's economies. This was no ordinary trip. It was an expedition; the kind of thing which could never quite be repeated; an experience for both of us; a memory-builder. The best was not good enough.

THE packing of his suitcase had begun the day before. This was a public ceremony, presided over by his mother but attended by the whole family. It presented agitating questions. How many socks, jerseys, dungarees should he take? What ties? What coats, shirts, and trousers for the evning? What books? What fishing equipment (if any) for the days we were planning to spend with some cousins in Wisconsin on the way out? Worse still, once the over-plentiful choices were made, how to persuade the top of the suitcase to close?

He didn't sleep the night before, at least not much. He was up early and in a gale which lasted until about three hours before train time. Then he became restless. He began to pace the floor and to have to be sent off on last-minute missions to the drug store. However, the moment came. The taxi was hailed; the farewells



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indulged in. The eventful separation was at hand. We were off; off for that gateway to adventure which, in this case, was the Grand Central Terminal. Knowing my son's disbelief that a Redcap would ever prove to be a man seen twice, we prayed on the way down for a nice one. What is more, we got him.

"I'll meet you on the train," said he. He did, without any of those ulcerous pauses usually endured before baggage and baggagee reunite.

Boarding the *Century,* in New York at any rate, could never be a routine occurrence. Red carpet and all, it's an EVENT. The sense of setting forth on an ocean journey is acutely present in the take-off for this inland voyage. The *Century* pulls out on its run to Chicago with as much ado as if it were the *Queen Mary* leaving for Europe. Moreover, it does not disappoint its patrons, once they have surrendered their tickets at the gate to the most solicitous of attendants, waited in a cluster at the head of the carpeted ramp, and then rushed forward to find their places.

His eyes danced when he discovered we were to be in a car called "Imperial Chariot." Plainly someone with a genius for truth as well as titles had named it. As a veteran of day coaches, he could not believe the chromiumed comfort he beheld. He rushed to the light switches, trying them all again and again, until each fixture blinked lightningbug-wise. He was delighted (as who wouldn't be except the porter?) by the chimes which rang softly when he pushed the porter's bell. He could not understand how there could be so many clothes closets. "Gee, Dad, we've got another room!" cried he with excitement which turned into giggles when he opened the door to survey that necessity which on the *Century* is grandly labeled "Annex."

After the baggage had been stowed and every corner and gadget in the drawing room explored, we went into the diner. "This is *wonderful!*" he beamed as he saw the gladiolas on each white table and the car's glittering and cheerful immaculateness. "Look, Dad," he exclaimed on picking up the menu, "it opens!"

Although steak on the *Century* may imperil the family savings, it is worth it. Steak that thick; steak of those redwood-tree dimensions. Steak mahogany-hued on the outside and peony-pink within. Steak with French fried potatoes, and pie *à la mode* to follow. Such a meal under ordinary circumstances would almost be enough to endow a statue with gastric juices. But set before a boy of eleven on a racing train, with glimpses of West Point or, better still, of Sing Sing served as relishes, it becomes a feast of feasts; a miracle calculated to open the eyes as wide as the mouth.

He ate as if he had never eaten before and had no hopes of ever eating again. He ate both ecstatically and athletically, keeping score the while by means of a frightening book which, without warning, he whipped out of his pocket (along with a small telescope). It was called "Dialing Away Your Fat," and was described as a vestpocket calorie counter. In it he looked up each item he devoured, not as a warning, but in order to record with pride the grand total in calories of his intake.

I was wrong in guessing that such a dinner might create in him a desire

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What is education's biggest worry?

GOVERNMENT policy, finances, curriculum, teaching methods, tenure, libraries, admissions, athletics—there is scarcely an end to the list. But in all the shelves of documented worries of faculties, administrations and government agencies it is hard to find a mention of textbooks. Nobody seems to have been bothered about *them*, until the other day it occurred to the Thomas Committee that in the very textbooks professors used might be clues to what goes on on college campuses.

RIGHT or wrong, perhaps the Committee has hit upon something. From now on, at least, college textbooks should be in no danger of being taken for granted, in this country where the business of writing and producing them originated. It is a newer business, indeed, than many people suppose, for the first college department was established no earlier than 1906. The steadily growing number of college publishers testifies to the place textbooks have acquired since then in our system of higher education. The best textbook cannot be a substitute for a good teacher; but —and more than ever in these days of overtaxed faculties and libraries—it can lighten the enormous burden placed upon him by his concern to help his students find an opening into the vast preserves of human knowledge. And many must be the former students who to settle an argument, clarify a point, or simply to satisfy a reawakened curiosity pull down from their shelves a well-marked textbook preserved from their college days.

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for rest. No sooner was it downed; no sooner was a regretful good-night said to our amiable waiter, than he led me off—at a gallop—through Pullman after Pullman to the observation car. We did not stay there long; just long enough for him to look with amazement at the jet-propelled landscape and to ask, for the fiftieth time, "What are we making, a hundred?" In a few minutes it was the other end of the train which called him. On the way he was as curious about every type of accommodation, lower berth, roomette, bedroom, and compartment as an Indian about his first plumbing.

His crowning joy came when we at last returned to our drawing room and he watched the porter making it ready for the night. No transformation scene in any pantomime was ever richer in magic or greeted with greater rapture. He chose the bed running parallel with the windows. Once in it, once he had tucked away his wallet, his change purse, his knife, his telescope, and his compass in his shoes for safety, he swore it was the most comfortable bed he had ever been in. He wanted to know why we couldn't have beds like that at home.

For some time after we had turned off the lights, we talked. We talked of what they were doing at home. About the great days of the Erie Canal. About the Six Nations. About other American trains. About the Rockies as compared to the Adirondacks, where he had gone to camp. And planned in detail our two days in Chicago. What he said was not always easy to hear across the room, because his nose was pressed against the pane. I was relieved to note, however, that, though he had threatened to look out all night, he was asleep before too long. Then I crept over and pulled the shade down for him. He had it up again and his nose flattened against the window, when the morning light wakened me. The new landscape did not enchant him more than his realization that, while sleeping, an hour had been added to his life.

I thought I knew Chicago fairly well. I have always had a genuine fondness for the place, and have looked forward each winter to being there. But on this visit he introduced me to a new city. It was a city in which the glories of the outer drive and the sky-fingering towers of Michigan Boulevard were gaped at, for the most part, only on dashes from one museum to another. It was a city in which, though I saw no old friends, I made the acquaintance of albino brook trout, yellow morays, cock-eyed pilots, and long-nosed gars, swimming

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in their shadowy tanks at the Shedd Aquarium.

It was a city of Jurassic or cretaceous dinosaurs; of Man emerging—Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal, or Pithecanthropus erectus, and of apes, bears, jewels, and Indians in that acreage of marvels which is the Field Museum. It was a city of heavenly bodies, large and small, near and distant, moving in their courses in the darkened Planetarium; of trains, old and new, steam and Diesel, as they played their historical roles in the blistering afternoon heat of the Chicago Railway Fair. A city, too, which became a mine in full, subterranean, and delectable operation, at that Museum of Science and Industry which any boy would rechristen the Palace of Delight. Yes, and a city of ever-changing restaurants though of unchanging mounds of French fried potatoes and hamburgers; of Coca-Colas beyond counting; of aching feet; of movies seen at hours later than he believed the clock held, and even—as a gesture of farewell—of snapshots self-taken in a machine at the North Western Station.

LAKE MICHIGAN, blue and ocean-large, had seemed incredible to him from his first sight of it. He found it the more unbelievable as, on our sidetrip, we headed for Kenosha. "Gee, it's big! Couldn't the *Queen Mary* . . . ?" And he was off, the unknown evoking inevitably comparison with the known.

Thousands of gobs were squads-righting at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. The sight of them thrilled him as much as their need for being there depressed me. How could he know—yet? The mysteries of time—daylight, standard, and central—eluded both him and me. Nothing intrigued him more than finding himself on a train which, by the timetable at any rate, reached its destination, forty-five minutes from Chicago, fifteen minutes before we had left the city.

Wisconsin, with its farms, its silos, and its barns, was green, fertile, and smiling. It was a different green, a different fertility from what he had known in the East. Everything was fresher. Soil and buildings were weighted down by less history. It was not so much that the manicured look was gone as that the hand was larger. The giant spread was there. Accordingly, he had his first inkling of the size, the variety, the melodramatic contrasts, and yet the elusive sameness which constitute America. As for Pine Lake, a lovely lake bordered with charming houses and alive with darting Chris-Craft and water-skiers, he relished everything about it except its fish. Before sunrise or at dusk, they were allergic to our bait. "The fish at Martha's Vineyard and Stonington are friendlier" was his way of phrasing it.

Loyalty is a fierce instinct. When we were heading for Colorado on the *City of Denver,* an admirable train, he was too faithful to his first love, the *Century,* to forsake it entirely. He avoided direct statement and, like many another, found his escape in questions. "Daddy, are we going as fast as we did on the *Century*?" "Is this as good a train?" "Do you think the food is as good?"

He forgot trains, however, when history and geography overtook him, when his school books and his movies abandoned print and celluloid to become realities before his eyes. He could not believe it when he saw Tom's and Huck's Mississippi, with steamers just like those in the Currier and Ives in my room. He was amazed, too, by the whole landscapes filled with tall and tasseled corn. The climax came, of course, the next morning when the Rockies made their miraculous appearance from the plains. Seeing them emerge is not a thrill which comes once in a lifetime. It comes whenever they are seen.

In time he tired of my saying, "Look at the corn!" just as later he grew weary of hearing me exclaim, "Look at the mountains!" Even so, he recognized both the meaning and the majesty of those expanses of corn, and surrendered to the mountainous West. To its scale, its feel, and its friendly, open-hearted people.

His surrender was by no means limited to people, scenery, or reminders of turbulent frontier history. At eleven, one's first ride on a Ferris wheel at a small-town carnival is naturally as exciting as a glimpse of Long's Peak. No visit to an historic site can then hope to compete with the thrills of discarding your cap-pistol, for the moment, and firing a borrowed but real .45 at an aspen cooperative enough to tremble.

"To dance to lutes, to dance to flutes"—is that supposed to be delicate and rare? It's as nothing, at eleven, compared to riding up a canyon on a Western saddle, wearing your own cowboy hat; to the sight of your first herd of buffalo; to sleeping in a log cabin, knowing that coyotes and possibly bears and mountain lions are outside. It's as nothing compared to having a snowball fight—in August—at the top of a high mountain; to going to your first rodeo in its native habitat and away from Madison Square Garden; or to encountering an Indian, regardless of how old,

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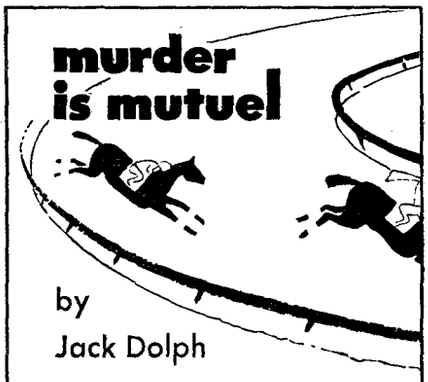

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friendly, or unfeathered, in broad daylight right on the street. It's as nothing compared to being photographed at Estes Park on a plunging bronco which could not be wilder unless it were alive and unstuffed; to catching the season's biggest trout in a pond no matter how thoughtfully stocked; to seeing a creek in which you know there is still gold, or to stumbling upon bleached bones at twilight on a wooded hillside, bones which your host and guide is kind enough to insist are those of a grizzly.

I dwell upon the bones because one test of a trip's success is its trophies. We came home far more heavily laden than we set out. There were, for example, the bear bones. He had picked them all up and, packed and rattling around in a casket-size box, we toted them back across the country for his museum. There was the Western hat which could scarcely be pried off his head even when we had returned to Chicago and were once more on the *Century*. There was the collection of muddlers and menus which he had wheedled from waiters in dining cars or restaurants. There was the file of timetables. There was the new and formidable cap-pistol, with roll after roll of caps, which he had bought with money an aunt had given him.

There were the two giant starfish, one for himself, one for his brother, which between trains in Chicago on the way home we had to purchase at the Aquarium. There were all the porters' checks which en route had been attached to his luggage. There were the gifts for the family, bought inevitably at Marshall Field's. These included, as a memento of the trip, a bowie knife which now dangled from his belt along with his compass. There was even a small but radiant nugget of gold given him by a kind friend in Colorado. Then, too, tucked away among his clothes, there were enough stones of all kinds and colors, ranging from fingernail to fist size, to cripple porters and deplete the Rockies. Finally, there were memories. My hope is, of course, that these will prove the heaviest luggage of all. I know they will for me.

The home-coming showed the broadening effects of travel. He had planned it carefully and with delight. When he got off the train and greeted his mother, he was wearing his cowboy hat, his cap-pistol was pointed skyward and blazing away with machine-gun rapidity. "Yippee, Ma," cried he to her consternation, "how's your cattle this year?" Then, to his brother whose face was transfixed with admiration, "Dance, tenderfoot, dance!"

JOHN MASON BROWN.

GANDHI

(*Continued from page* 16)

static in this man's search for truth, and each page of the book adds somehow to an over-powering sense of his constant growing in that for which he searched. Episode builds upon episode to a conviction that truth is not a matter for formal knowledge but for actual living experience, that morality is not a matter of edict but of humble, self-critical, and inspired groping. The whole book is witness to the central paradox of its author: a man of trivial appearance and not unusual talents whose magnetism was profound.

Let not the reader think, however, that he can read to find that Gandhi agrees with him. The autobiography, which was published week by week in the Gujarati magazine *Navajivan*, was frankly aimed at Gandhi's coworkers, not at Westerners. It goes no further than the year 1920, and thus includes none of the great nonviolence campaigns in India. It touches very little upon direct political and social ideas, gives comparatively little of direct religious teaching, and refers readers to another book for an account of the discovery and development of the great weapon of nonviolence, *Satyagraha*. At the same time, it gives more detail than any other major writing of Gandhi's to his attempts to free himself from "the shackles of lust" and to his experiments in diet, undertaken out of the twin beliefs that all life is sacred, not simply human life, and that foods of any richness — even milk — contribute to passion and thus impede the search for truth. For when truth became evident in Gandhi, it became evident, as it does always, in a man of particular circumstances, in this case a man of particularly and profoundly Hindu urge toward self-purification. Many Westerners are likely to be so troubled by the particular in Gandhi's experiments that they overlook the universal in him.

To suggest that "Gandhi's Autobiography" is not a balanced presentation is not, however, to carp at it. It is rather to hail it and to point the need for the publication in this country of other of his writings which, taken together with the autobiography, form a balanced presentation. It is only by reading the whole long and detailed day-by-day record that readers can sense the magic of Gandhi's being and discover him fully.

Herrymon Maurer, formerly an editor of Fortune, *is the author of "Great Soul: A Portrait of Gandhi," to be published by Doubleday this fall.*

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(Continued from page 15)

discussion of the problems which every new teacher faces. Mr. Rivlin also suggests ways to meet unanticipated problems.

THE STUDY AND TEACHING OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by Richard E. Thursfield. Washington: National Education Association. 1947. 460 pp. $2.50. The seventeenth yearbook of the National Council for Social Studies emphasizes the role of America in world history and proposes methods of teaching American responsibility in the present world situation.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING: SOURCES AND READINGS. Edited by Maxim Newmark. New York: Philosophical Library. 1948. 745 pp. $7.50. A handbook for teachers on the problems of modern language teaching. A number of excerpts from the volumes of the Modern Language Study are included.

SECONDARY SCHOOL SCIENCE TEACHING. By Arthur G. Hoff. Philadelphia: Blakiston Co. 1947. 325 pp. $3.75.

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS. By David K. Brace. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1948. 411 pp. $4. Describes a curriculum suitable for use in junior and senior high school.

INTRODUCTION TO HEALTH EDUCATION. By Jackson Roger Sherman. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1948. 281 pp. $3. A book designed to assist teachers who have had little training or experience in teaching the fundamentals of health.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION METHODS FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. By Elizabeth H. Sehon and others. Philadelphia: W. W. Saunders. 1948. 485 pp. $3.75.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION; INTERPRETATIONS AND OBJECTIVES. By Jay Bryan Nash. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1948. 288 pp. $3. An analysis of the contribution of physical education to the school program and to good citizenship.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF VOCATIONAL EDUCATION. By Arthur B. Mays. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 311 pp. $3.50.

PRINCIPLES OF VOCATIONAL EDUCATION. By Franklin J. Keller. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1948. 402 pp. $3.50.

AUDIO-VISUAL TECHNIQUES FOR ENRICHMENT OF THE CURRICULUM. By Anna Curtis Chandler and Irene F. Cypher. New York: Noble and Noble. 1948. 264 pp. $3.50. Contains suggestions for the use of sound films and other visual aids in the classroom. An appendix lists places where assistance in obtaining and using visual aids may be found.

LET'S BROADCAST. By Everett C. Braun and Frederick J. Stanley. Minneapolis: Northwestern Press. 1948. 247 pp. $2.50. A textbook on the use of radio broadcasting as an educational tool in secondary schools.

CONTINUITY IN LIBERAL EDUCATION. HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1947. 102 pp. $2. Reports from the fourth annual conference held by the Stanford School of Humanities. The purposes of the conference were "to analyze the contribution of high-school courses in English, foreign languages, history and social studies, mathematics, and sciences can make to the liberal education of *all* high-school students as well as those preparing for college," and "to explore the relationships between the study of those subjects in secondary and higher education."

Higher Education

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY: Report of the President's Commission on Higher Education. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 431 pp. $3.75. For a discussion, see "Double Trouble" by Robert M. Hutchins, *SRL*, July 17, 1948.

COOPERATION IN GENERAL EDUCATION: A Final Report of the Executive Committee of the Cooperative Study in General Education. Washington: American Council on Education. 1947. 257 pp. $3. A report on the five-year program conducted by more than a score of colleges to study the aims, structure, and content of an ideal curriculum for the first two years of college.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN THE HUMANITIES. By Harold B. Dunkel. Washington:

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FOURTH FUNERAL *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2)	Death strikes suddenly in Brazilian Anglo-American colony where Kilgerrin is doing spot of investigating. He takes over new assignment.	Exotic surroundings, interesting people, spot of diabolism, some sharp shooting, and Kilgerrin adding some new scars to his collection.	Good entertainment
I MARRIED A DEAD MAN *William Irish* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Girl, abandoned by lover, takes on new identity after train wreck. Nemesis reappears, with murder—and worse—following.	Dramatic tour de force, which ends with principal characters 'way up in air and reader popeyed at double-twist finish.	Tense
MURDER IN ANY LANGUAGE *Kelley Roos* (Wynn: $2)	Teacher in Manhattan language school mysteriously stabbed. Haila and Jeff Troy help homicide squadder Hankins to solve this and later slayings.	Quite satisfactory handling of that difficult theme—"mirth and murder." Engrossing plot, constant action, some marvelous characters, and plentiful laughter.	Gay and good!
THE UGLY WOMAN *William O'Farrell* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Fat Greenwich Village Circe holds various writers, critics, and gals in sinister thrall until somebody does something about it.	Interesting, if not appealing, picture of a thoroughly vicious character—also of one of most poisonous Southern sweeties in fiction.	Pretty good
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR-1948 Edited by *David C. Cooke* (Dutton: $2.50)	Dozen well-written and reasonably distinctive tales, capably culled from slicks and pulps of last twelve-month.	No world-beaters here; just an ample serving (with arguable title) of violent death in various guises by writers with know-how.	Good bedsider

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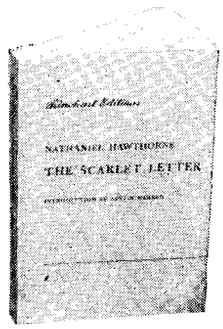

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American Council on Education, 1947. 340 pp. $3.50. An analysis of "Cooperation in General Education." Most of the data are based on testing and interviews.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN THE NEGRO COLLEGE. By Irving A. Derbigny. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1947. 264 pp. $3. A comparison of general education courses in twenty Negro colleges with those in other American institutions.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN THE SOCIAL STUDIES. By Albert W. Levi. Washington: American Council on Education, 1948. 354 pp. $3.50. A description of the work done by several colleges in planning a basic two-year course in the social sciences. The attitudes of varying types of students are analyzed.

COLLEGES FOR FREEDOM: A STUDY OF PURPOSES, PRACTICES, AND NEEDS. By Donald J. Cowling and Carter Davidson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 189 pp. $3. A study of the four-year liberal college, including such matters as finances, staff, and courses.

GRADUATE WORK IN THE SOUTH. By Mary B. Pierson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 277 pp. $4. A study published under the sponsorship of the Conference of Deans of Southern Graduate Schools.

LOVEJOY'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. By Clarence E. Lovejoy. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 158 pp. $1.50. Reviewed in *SRL*, Sept. 11, 1948.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. Edited by A. J. Braumbaugh and Mary Irwin. Washington: American Council on Education, 1948. 1,067 pp. $8. The fifth edition of a standard work listing pertinent data about American colleges and universities. This edition also gives information about facilities for veterans and for foreign students.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGES. Edited by Jesse P. Bogue. Washington: American Council on Education, 1948. 546 pp. $6.50. Lists data about 564 accredited two-year colleges.

TRENDS IN ENGINEERING EDUCATION. By James Kip Finch. New York: Columbia University Press, 1948. 150 pp. $2. The dean of Columbia's School of Engineering describes a new program designed to give students a greater interest in basic engineering and research.

THE COLLEGE SEEKS RELIGION. By Merrimon Cuninggim. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 329 pp. $4. A study of the role of religion in American college life since 1900. Special attention is paid to the curriculum of eight college and universities.

COLLEGE READING AND RELIGION. A survey of college reading materials sponsored by the Edward W. Hazen Foundation and the Committee on Religion and Education of the American Council on Education. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 1948. 356 pp. $5. Reviewed in *SRL* June 5, 1948.

THE HANDBOOK OF ADULT EDUCATION. Edited by Mary L. Ely. New York: Institute of Adult Education. 1948. 555 pp. $5.

COLLEGE RETIREMENT AND INSURANCE PLANS. By William C. Greenough. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 286 pp. $4. Describes in detail the insurance and retirement plans available for teaching and non-teaching staffs of American colleges and universities. The author weighs the adequacy of various plans.

MICHIGAN: THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY. By Kent Sagendorph. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 384 pp. $4.50. Reviewed in *SRL*, Sept. 11, 1948.

DENISON: A SMALL COLLEGE STUDIES ITS PROGRAM. By Cyril F. Richards. Granville: Denison University. 1948. 187 pp. $1.50. An account of the curriculum and extra-curricular activities now in use at this small Ohio college.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS. By Louis E. Lord. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 433 pp. $5. An account of the intercollegiate project operated at Athens, Greece, from its start in 1882 to 1942.

CAREY THOMAS OF BRYN MAWR. By Edith Finch. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 350 pp. $3.50. A painstakingly thorough account of the career of Bryn Mawr's first dean and second president.

THE ABUSE OF LEARNING: THE FAILURE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY. By Frederic Lilge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 190 pp. $2.75. An historical inquiry into the question: Why did so many German scholars lack the courage to oppose Hitler? Written by a German-born American educator. Reviewed in *SRL*, May 22, 1948.

SOME THINGS ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION. By Sir Richard Winn Livingstone. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 28 pp. $1. Reviewed in *SRL*, Sept. 11, 1948.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES. By S. C. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 47 pp. $1.75. Reviewed in *SRL*, Sept. 11, 1948.

EDUCATION

(*Continued from page* 14)

young but expert, B is a butcher who wears a red shirt."

Since this is a study of children, changing concepts of education are basic throughout. Parents and educators will be interested to learn that the battle between those who would foster the self-expression of the child through kindness and understanding and those who would resort to the disciplinary rod was joined as early as the eighteenth century. It still goes on today. The author is to be commended, too, for her constant emphasis on the high standard of learning, of deportment, and of morals necessary in a new country, lest it "revert to barbarism."

On the whole, Sister Monica Kiefer's book would be just another social history—although a competently organized job—were it not for the warm humanity, the understanding, the humor written into her book by this gifted nun. The "catalogue" type of social history—a series of quotations from original sources illustrating basic themes—can be deadly dull if badly organized and written, but her study, I repeat, is a delight to read. Her description of changing fashions in children's clothes, for instance, is a masterly job. Moreover, she has the wit to bring out the disparity between the expected conduct of the children in the Colonial period and their actual, human "naughtiness." The reader will be delighted by certain little "high-spirited boys" of Colonial times who "so far forgot the traditions of their fathers as to kick some little girls who were picking 'daisies and butter-flowers in the meadow, in order to make them pipe'."

Since the author has used nothing but published sources or children's books of the time, she is not to be blamed for her overemphasis on New England and the middle colonies or states, at the expense of the South. This is a glaring fault common to most American social histories today, and the fault is the scholars', who have hardly touched the rich source materials for Southern social history, particularly in the Colonial period. On the other hand, the author's handling of "the European heritage" behind the Colonial and early national scene is a bit weak, but then this is one of the most difficult problems to overcome in American social history. On the whole her book is to be highly commended, not only for its readability but also for the wealth of information she has served up in such palatable form.

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Multiple Capsule Prospecti

LOVEJOY'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. By Clarence E. Lovejoy. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 158 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by GORDDEN LINK

ALTHOUGH 2,338,226 students crowd American halls of higher learning today, nearly twice the prewar enrollment, Colonel Lovejoy thinks that "today is the best time in history to go to college in America." For veterans cause this doubling of attendance, and these "world travelers" set a new tempo for the others, encourage acceleration of instruction, and make teaching more effective. But the average institution is turning away nearly thirty-five per cent of all applicants; technical and military colleges reject as many as three-fourths of their applicants. Under these circumstances the average high-school graduate who wishes to enter college in the fall will have spent all summer sending for catalogues, making applications, and getting turned down. It is for the guidance of these young people and their parents, as well as for the thousands of veterans who have not yet thought of school, that Colonel Lovejoy has labored to prepare capsule prospecti of 1,031 degree-granting institutions of higher education. He has arranged these colleges and universities alphabetically within each state. And he has devised typographic indications for rating all entries in terms of (1) their membership in the Association of American Universities or their approval by this body; (2) their accreditation by the recognized regional body or the American Association of Teachers Colleges, or (3) their current lack of recognition except, in some instances, by their state university or their state board of education. Unfortunately, many of the most interestingly described institutions are in the third category which should be avoided by students who wish to earn later graduate or professional degrees.

Perhaps as important as the "Educational Baedeker" section of this book is the series of nine essays in guidance that constitute a thoroughgoing preface. These include special advice to young students, parents, veterans; scholarships and loans; slants on picking and choosing; and "The Mysterious Business of Admissions." The capsule comments on colleges and universities cover all pertinent matters such as location, environment, size, control, date of establishment, major characteristics, sex of students, volumes in library, ratio of faculty to students, costs, facilities, loan funds, scholarships, fraternities or sororities, noteworthy athletic programs, main divisions, degrees offered, special curricular features, and acceleration possibilities.

It is to be hoped that a later edition of this admirable work will include the many fine four-year schools that do not give degrees. Black Mountain College, the most interesting small creative center in the country, is not in "Lovejoy's Complete Guide." But Brandeis University, which offers only a veterinary degree, is included. This is a small matter, however, compared with the inestimable service which Colonel Lovejoy has done for the cause of education in America.

Gordden Link, who works for the Government, is also a director of the King-Smith School of Creative Arts in Washington, D. C.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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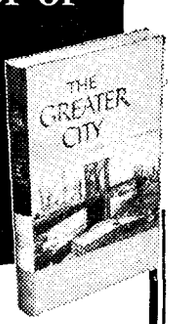

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IDEAS ON FILM

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Dead End Kids

MOST surveyed, reported-on, analyzed, and kicked around of all branches of film making, pictures for the classroom have never fully made their mark. During the war the Government, through its armed services and information agencies, was spending fifty million dollars a year on visual education. To many it seemed logical, as one report has said, "that the visual media would continue to command the funds, the allegiance, and the audiences which they so miraculously reached during the war years." Many expected that, with twelve million men and women in the armed forces partially trained on film, the postwar demand for educational film would be insatiable.

But these hopeful prophets were wrong. What had been accomplished by the overriding demands of war could not necessarily meet the economics of peace. Hundreds of small companies started production and failed. Larger organizations explored the market, analyzed its possibilities —and **decided to do nothing. The classroom film was proved a dead** end. The kids must get along with pictures made for grown-ups, sponsored by advertisers, or produced on a shoestring basis for immediate returns.

The basic arithmetic is simple. The average selling price of a reel of educational film, less the cost of merchandising, is $30. The maximum number of prints likely to be sold in a year is 200, so that two years will be required to net $12,000. When production and other overheads are deducted, the film maker finds himself with only $8,000 per reel, a budget on which, as one noted authority has said, "nobody . . . is going to turn out films that will give stature and standing to motion pictures in American education."

What is the answer? A single organization, Encyclopedia Britannica Films, at present produces half of the most popular school subjects, and, by means of alert and forthright sales methods, puts fifty new films into the classrooms every year. United World Films, its only potential rival, is a section of the Universal-Arthur Rank Hollywood colossus. It plans to release within the next twelve months a series of thirty-six films on "The Earth and Its Peoples," carefully integrated into school curricula, and now being shot by units scattered all over the world. Grounded in the economics of how people live, the series should bring a new sense of reality to the teaching of geography. The success or failure of this huge and daring enterprise which is headed by Louis de Rochemont, will mean much to the future of classroom films.

This future—the future of movies as a window through which our children can look out on the world and its wonders—cannot very well be left in the hands of two or three big companies, whose policy can change radically and overnight, as the policy of one Hollywood major has changed recently. Where, then, is finance for the school film to be found? Federal aid is out of the question at a time when propaganda is suspected under every stone. State aid is inadequate. There is room instead for many of the larger organizations—industries as well as foundations—to survey the *needs* in film, and to supply these needs in planned programs covering art, music, economics, health and welfare, history, languages, and many another neglected area of knowledge. It is time that a great chemical corporation bethought itself of the contribution it might make to the teaching of chemistry in high schools; a unit of the oil industry to an understanding of the science of flight; the private utilities to the development of housing, in which they have a direct and active interest. These are not imaginary examples. They are taken from England—and from the old England of private enterprise.

Wherever school films are to come from — whether from industries or foundations, from large and successful producers or small and struggling ones — they must fit the teachers' needs, or they will not long survive. In an effort to win approval in advance, however, producers have often consulted unwieldy bodies of experts, each of whom fancied himself as also an expert on film. Films cannot be made by committees, any more than textbooks can be written by them. The film maker, the man of visual imagination, must have the last word. It is significant that the film most frequently cited as "liked best" in a recent survey of school teachers was Pare Lorentz's "The River," an epic poem of the plunder of the land. In form and subject matter "The River" rejected all the straight-jackets which the same teachers would have imposed on it at its inception, and its script would have been universally condemned had it been submitted to a sufficiently eminent board of educators.

The progress of the school film has perforce been halting and slow, but the fund of enthusiasm and energy behind it is enormous, as witness the 1,600 delegates from thirty-five states and from Canada and Mexico who recently gathered in Chicago for the National Audio-Visual Convention. It was a pledge that in the years to come there will be good school films and plenty of them. They will not solve all the teacher's problems. Rather they will demand of him more insight, more imagination. They will suggest, and in turn help to bring about, many changes in the school curriculum. Some of these are discussed by Dr. Lamar Johnson of Stephens College on another page. But wherever such films are shown to children, they will work that magic which is peculiar to the film of ideas: they will help to make the abstract concrete, the transient unforgettable, they will add to learning a new dimension of vision and will inspire the acquisition of knowledge with a sense of the dramatic and the exciting.

RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE,
Editor, IDEAS ON FILM.

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16mm. *Stephens College, Mo., is a junior college for women based on a powerful idea: that the students—from every state in the Union and many foreign countries—should learn what they will need in life, their own individual lives and in the life of the soceity to which they belong. In this article, Dr. Lamar Johnson, dean of instruction at Stephens, and Robert de Kieffer tell how existing films—from sponsored pictures to the latest feature releases—are woven into the college curriculum to serve this idea of human needs.*

If You Want to Get Across an Idea . . .

"IF you want to get across an idea . . ." epitomizes not only a central emphasis in the teaching of communications at Stephens College, it comes close to epitomizing the educational philosophy of the college: if learning is to be significant it must be planned in terms of the needs to be served—both in the lives of individual students and in the society in which they live.

With this philosophy as the basis for building a college curriculum, Dr. W. W. Charters some twenty-five years ago made a study of the activities of women. In this study and in additional investigations since then, the college staff has identified ten areas of need common to all women: communication, citizenship, appreciation of the beautiful, physical health, mental health, consumer problems, philosophy of life, occupational planning, knowledge of the world of science, and home and family life.

In each of these areas Stephens has developed a program of instruction planned in terms of the life needs of women. Such a program must, of course, make sense not only in terms of "what" is taught but also in terms of "how" it is taught. With this in mind, the faculty uses, for example, discussion, conference, laboratory methods, and experiments with such teaching materials as books, recordings, radio, wire and tape recorders, models, slides, and films.

Among these materials the faculty is giving a place of high importance to films. During the past school year, for example, 6,553 reels of motion pictures (representing 659 different titles) were shown. The important factor is not, however, the number of reels shown but the *quality* of use; that is, the *relevance* and *effectiveness* of the film as used in a particular learning situation.

In the teaching of *communication skills* (writing, speaking, reading, and listening), films which have been found helpful include "Speeding Your Reading," an introduction to correct habits of silent reading; "The New Voice of Mr. X.," the voice mechanism and the production of speech, and "Telephone Techniques." For students having particular difficulty with the mechanics of writing, film strips such as "The Comma" and "Subject and Predicate" are used.

Although films are used primarily in group situations, students upon occasion take advantage of the fact that film catalogues and films are available for individual use. Jane, who was writing an investigative paper on "Progressive Education," found the March of Time film on that subject to be one of her most helpful sources. In our future library we shall have individual projection rooms where students may project films for their own individual use—just as they now may listen to recordings in our listening rooms.

Among other aids to the teaching of communication skills are the wire, tape, and disc recorder to encourage individual and group self-criticism of speech, voice, and discussion. The opaque projector is used for projecting student written work on a screen for study and criticism by an entire class.

In the area of *citizenship*, and particularly in our basic social problems course, emphasis is placed upon the citizen's responsibility to identify and study important political, economic, and social values and problems. Two films are used to introduce students to democracy and its competitors: "Democracy" with its emphasis on human rights and responsibility, and "Despotism" with its contrasting stress on restrictions of freedom. During their consideration of public opinion and political parties, students see how a corrupt political machine operates when the film "You the People" is used as a springboard for study and discussion. "John Doe, Citizen," on the other hand, demonstrates how an aroused citizenry working together can achieve an effective town government. By viewing "One World or

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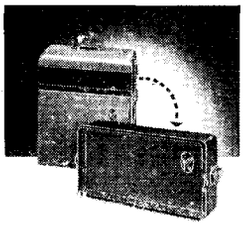

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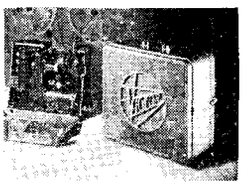

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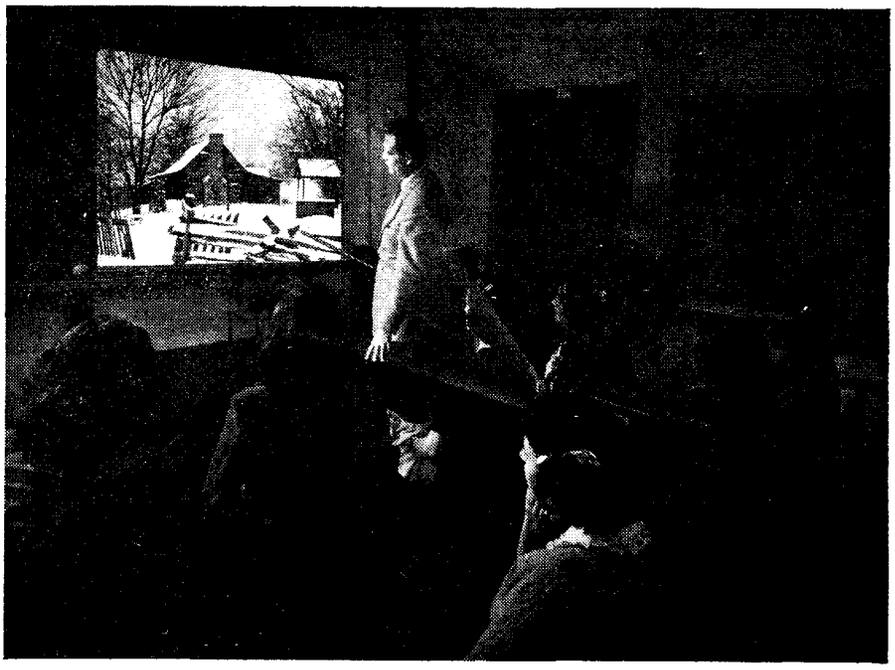
None" students are aided in becoming aware of the devastating power of the atomic bomb and its consequent requirement of world unity. Where motion is not necessary film strips may be used—as, for example, in describing the organization of one effort toward world unity, the United Nations.

In the area of *appreciation of the beautiful* the more than eight hundred students in the introduction to humanities course have wide opportunity to experience the materials of art, literature, and music. As an aid to understanding art, classes study art objects—originals when available—but more often slides and colored reproductions. The motion picture is used in this area to demonstrate the creation of a work of art—as in "The Making of a Mural" (Thomas Hart Benton) or "Making an Etching" (Charles J. Martin).

Although the usual approach to literature is through the reading and study of literature itself, recordings (Maurice Evans's "Hamlet" or the poetry recordings of James Weldon Johnson) and films (as, for example, "England, Background of Literature" and the highly successful theatre film "Henry the Fifth") also have their place.

In studying music, students listen to recorded music both in class and at special listening hours. Even in this area, however, there is an important place not only for such films as "The Instruments of the Orchestra" but also for films presenting concert artists, such as Myra Hess playing the first movement of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata."



Stevens College classroom " . . . a program to fit the life needs of women."

The value of films in the area of *mental health* is suggested by the psychology professor who reports, "I can elaborate at length on the child's need for recognition, but a motion picture showing a child presenting his art 'masterpiece' to a scoffing or indifferent parent, as in 'The Life History of Mary,' makes the point in short order."

Representative of the uses which teachers of psychology make of films are these: "Feeling of Rejection" is used to demonstrate a psychological principle. "The Boss Didn't Say Good Morning" is a somewhat exaggerated presentation of the psychological effect on his employees of a boss's failure to say, "Good Morning." The effect of labeling a child as different from other children is demonstrated by a sequence from "The Devil Is a Sissy." "The Ape and the Child" helps students visualize an important psychological experiment, and "Study of Johnny and Jimmy" provides a basis for case-study analysis.

The field of *home and family life* is one of the more difficult areas in which to locate teaching films that are functional in terms of the real life problems of home makers. In one unit of the course, the films "Human Reproduction" and "The Birth of a Baby" have been found valuable. For other parts of the course, completely satisfactory films are not available. The faculty in this field is at present, however, working on the possibility of using selected theatre films as aids to teaching. An initial tryout of this plan was made last spring when "I Remember Mama" was shown at a local theatre. Through the courtesy of the director of the film, George Stevens, course instructors were able to preview the film several days prior to its showing for students. Following this preview, teachers prepared questions related to family unity as illustrated in the film, and presented them to their classes. Following its showing, classes discussed the film, just as they would any educational film. Both instructors and students report that this particular film proved to have real value in their study of family unity. The staff is continuing to explore the possibility of using selected entertainment films as aids to teaching in this area.

And so we might go to other areas of the curriculum such as *physical health* and the use of such films as the "Digestion of Food" and "Story of Menstruation"; and *knowledge of science* and the use of varied films including "The Birth of a Volcano," "Atomic Power," "The Plow That Broke the Plains," "Evolution," "Bacteria," and "Endocrine Glands."

But perhaps enough has been written to indicate that the faculty of Stephens College is using functional films and other learning aids as it carries forward its self-assigned task of building an educational program designed to fit the life needs of women."

ROBERT DE KIEFFER.

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For the Film Bookshelf

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The day of the little red schoolhouse has passed, and in its wake the world has been brought into the classroom. Among the new tools for learning, there is of course the 16mm. sound motion picture. For those who wish to make a further study of the use of audio-visual aids, here is a partial list of selected references;* SRL's IDEAS ON FILM *will send a more complete bibliography to readers on request.*

AUDIOVISUAL AIDS TO INSTRUCTION. By William Exton, Jr. New York: McGraw-Hill. 343 *pp.* $4.

IN this important new book the author makes available the audio-visual techniques which were developed in the Armed Forces' emergency training program, and discusses their application to civilian education and industrial training in the postwar era. The book first covers the field in general, and then deals in detail with projected aids, graphic aids, recorded aids, and three-dimensional aids. Fourteen experts have contributed articles on various aspects of the subject. A feature of the book is the wealth of outstanding illustrations, hitherto restricted to military personnel.

FILMSTRIPS. By Vera M. Falconer. New York: McGraw-Hill. 572 *pp.* $5.

FOR the classroom teacher and student teacher, this is the most comprehensive guide and reference book on the effective presentation of *still pictures* in sequence—pictures which can adequately portray almost all concepts requiring visual illustrations; this is particularly valuable where limited funds preclude the widest use of motion pictures. The releases of seventy filmstrip producers are described in detail; the subject areas include agriculture and forestry, business, fine arts, literature, science, safety, foremanship, the social sciences, vocational guidance, and vocational training.

THE PREPARATION AND USE OF VISUAL AIDS. By Kenneth B. Haas and Harry Q. Packer. New York: Prentice Hall. 224 *pp.* $4.

METHODS of instruction and training underwent extensive overhauling during the war. In the process many new ideas were tested, and those methods that were found exceptionally effective were expanded and perfected. It was found that the student or trainee gained 25 per cent to 35 per cent more factual information in a given time, and increased by 35 per cent the ability to retain such information as compared with conventional methods of instruction. Emphasis is on where to find, how to prepare, and how to use visual aids.

LOOK, LISTEN, AND LEARN. By L. Harry Strauss and J. R. Kidd. New York: Association Press. 235 *pp.* $3.50.

THE first effort to include in one book the new methods of informal group education. These aids do not constitute a program in themselves but are to be applied with imagination to the existing program objectives. These dynamic new media of mass communication are no longer regarded as entertainment, but as auxiliary forms of instruction and not infrequently, the most effective means. This manual contains several valuable appendices: selected bibliography, source lists of films, and supplies. A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

*Film Source Publications**

THE EDUCATIONAL FILM GUIDE. H. W. Wilson Co. 950 *University Ave., New York* 52, *N. Y.*

Cumulative annual catalogue with monthly supplements; subscription, $3.

Part I: alphabetically arranged list of films by title and subject.

Part II: classified list arranged by Dewey Decimal system; each film is annotated, date of release, producer, distributor, price, and grading indicated. (4,000 films listed and annotated.)

EDUCATORS GUIDE TO FREE FILMS. Educators Progress Service. Randolph, Wisconsin.

Classified, annotated list of 1,500 films entirely devoted to films which are free of charge, with alphabetical title and source indexes. Revised annually. $4.

"1000 AND ONE": The Blue Book of Non-theatrical Films. Educational Screen, Inc., 64 *Lake Street, Chicago* 1, *Ill.*

Under 177 subject groups, 6,500 film titles are listed alphabetically. Revised annually. $1. Length, type, distributor, price, and very brief outline for each is given.

*These are the major film source books. Other catalogues will be rated in forthcoming issues.

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The Film Forum

Classroom Films

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Educational Sound Films.

AGRONOMY
THE LIVING EARTH
Produced by the Conservation Foundation and the New York Zoological Society.
Distributed by Encyclopedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill.
(A series of four ten-minute films. Color.)
High school and college groups, adults.

These four films present with remarkable vividness and clarity the organic story of the balance of natural life, and what man has done to disrupt it in seeking wealth from the soil. "Birth of the Soil" shows how topsoil is formed by the grinding of rock through glacial action, and by the cycle of growth and decay of plants which draw their life from the sun. "This Vital Earth" carries on the story with the balance of animal life on land and sea which maintains and enhances the earth's energies. "Arteries of Life" explains the importance of rivers and the water cycle in the natural economy. "Seeds of Destruction" shows what may happen when man forgets that his activities are part of this economy and heedlessly squanders the earth's riches.

In their broad study of the human environment and the urgent need for conservation, these pictures are as well suited to adult discussion as to high-school instruction—though at lower age levels the ground should be carefully prepared, for the films assume a good deal of previous knowledge and move rapidly from one subject to another.

Much of the Kodachrome photography is spectacular in its appositeness and beauty, and the commentary is lucid and well-delivered.

The series as a whole forms a breath-taking reminder of the enormous evils which can flow from seemingly unimportant causes—our own ignorance and carelessness as trustees of America's resources.

TEACHER TRAINING
FIVE TEXT-FILMS ON TEACHER EDUCATION
Produced by Caravel Films for McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. Forty-Second St., New York 18, N. Y.
Suplied with five film strips and study guide.
Suitable for teacher training courses, refresher courses, parent-teacher groups.
(90 minutes.)

In these five films, McGraw-Hill breaks new ground: in close correlation with a standard text (Dr. Schorling's "Student Teaching"), the films present a concrete situation in the classroom, and show good and bad methods of dealing with it, and what consequences follow from each.

The five films cover three subjects. "Learning to Understand Children" tells the story of Ada Adams, a backward, maladjusted child who is helped in her class work and her social relations with her schoolmates by the sympathetic assistance of her English teacher, who discovers and develops her natural interests.

"The Broader Concept of Method" contrasts the hearing type of teaching, and its tendency to teacher-domination, with the newer classroom methods of participation in student projects. Again, a concrete example is followed out, with the class planning how to improve the school canteen.

"Maintaining Classroom Discipline" shows a lively classroom riot growing out of bad teacher handling—Mr. Grimes's hectoring approach to his class combined with lack of sympathy for their difficulties. Mr. Grimes then takes a more cooperative attitude and secures the friendly attention of his students.

This series has the rare merit of being planned as a coordinated, integrated whole, which is to be extended to cover other aspects of teacher training. Throughout the approach is human, the children are well-handled, and there is a healthy feeling of reality in the situations. P-T groups should gain an understanding of classroom problems from these films, and student teachers will find that they stimulate lively and fruitful discussion.

HYGIENE
THE STORY OF MENSTRUATION
Produced by Walt Disney Studios. Available from Mrs. Georgia Hughes, educational director, International Cellucotton Products Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
(10 minutes. Color. Teacher's study guide and wall chart available.)

This outstanding contribution, not only to our educators, but to our teen-agers as well, was singled out for a special award at the Film Festival in Brussels, Belgium. A subject traditionally clouded by mystery, fear, and even disgust has at last been presented with unusual intelligence and understanding. This is not a film about sex; it is one about physiology. Entirely animated in color, and narrated with an air of good cheer which dispels any expected tension, here is an interesting and accurate film specifically designed for meeting curriculum needs and is aimed at this level of comprehension.

SHOP WORK
THE ABC OF HAND TOOLS
Produced by Walt Disney Studios. Available from Paul Garrett, Public Relations Department, General Motors Corp., Detroit, Mich.
(Part I: 18 minutes. Color. Part II: 15 minutes. Color. Excellent handbook available; also without charge.)
Vocational schools.

Originally planned for use in the armed services during the war, this film has now been made available for school use. Almost everyone uses hand tools sometime or other and this film shows how to do so most efficiently. Part I covers hammers, pliers, screwdrivers and wrenches; Part II covers files, saws, chisels, planes, drills, and punches. An added feature is a typical Disney rascal, Primitive Pete, who commits every shop error.

ART
HOW YOUNG AMERICA PAINTS
Produced by the YMCA. Available from Raymond Bingham, Association Films, 347 Madison Ave., New York 19, N. Y.
(10 minutes. Color.)
High school and college groups.

The film record of the annual exhibition conducted by the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Finger painting is demonstrated, and some uses to which it may be put are suggested. Wax crayon drawing is shown and enough explanation given to permit one to do likewise. Also shown is work with dry color on a felt tipped brush. Impressionism and abstractions predominate, but textile and wall-paper designs are shown.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to **Film Department**, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
DEBUSSY, LA DAMOISELLE ELUE (1887). Bidu Sayao, Rosalind Nadell; Phila. Orch., Univ. of Penn. Chorus, Ormandy. Columbia MM 761 (3)	Very difficult to record — ultra-low levels, long silences, flowing rhythms. Fine job, considering, though it cries for vinylite (and LP!)	A— to B (see left)	A most moving performance of highly impressionist early work, women's voices & orch. Diffuse music, perhaps, but with sincerity and sureness of style that make it outstanding.
LISZT, SONETTO DEL PETRARCA, No. 104. William Kapell, pianist. RCA Victor 12-0342 (single record)	Very good piano; seems less concert hall in style than most Victors, but with plenty of brilliance. Fine surface.	A+	A rather interesting bit of Liszt, more introspective, less frothy than most. A short, one-movement work, complete here.
BEETHOVEN, QUARTET IN B♭, OP. 18, No. 6. Budapest Quartet. Columbia MM 754 (3)	Disappointing. Sudden, harsh dynamic peaks (players too close?); good deal of distortion (over 8,000) and blasting.	A— to B	The usual fine Budapest performance, though perhaps not as suave as in the past.

PERHAPS A DEPRESSION IS THE CURE

IT CAN BE pursuasively argued (see *SRL* Sept. 4) that wide-range performance in any single component of the home phonograph—the LP player attachment, for instance—is inadvisable at this time because most existing home equipment is unable to cope with it. A poor machine can do two things to the higher tones that might thus be provided: (1) simply suppress them, or (2) and more dangerous, pass them through, but in distorted form. Ear-grating distortion occurs mostly in these very higher tones, and with distortion so widely prevalent it has been wisest to say, *better no high tones at all than distorted high tones.* The older equipment that for years blocked off the whole upper range of tones gave better service, negatively, than many newer machines that pass on a few higher tones in painfully distorted form.

Yet to accept this cautious viewpoint is to ignore a great wave of technical progress that has utterly changed the *potential* quality of the home phonograph. FM broadcasting, tremendously improved recording methods, the cheap, wide-range pickup, better amplifier circuits, and better PM speakers with widened tonal range—these and other developments make a much improved standard decidedly possible, technically speaking. But though many of the improved components now are individually on the market, the mass phonograph industry has as yet made no more than token moves to utilize them, and will not do so until economic pressure forces a change. For this is a business affair.

Another argument: it is quite true that the public doesn't like "high fidelity" right now. (But the public needs to be shown and it has not been shown.) Business is tight; why should a business man cut his own throat "converting" the public to technical improvements in which it has no present interest? Rather, give people what they undeniably want—sales prove it. (And see to it, by whatever rationalization may be convenient, *that they don't want anything different*—so we on the outside might put it, though that is not the manufacturer's idea of the situation at all.)

Cynical or no, this last plea for the *status quo* is at least an honest rationalization and perfectly sound business practice, whereas the persuasive advisers of caution are to my mind putting forth half-truths to justify a technically unjustifiable position. Let us understand this clearly. Business is faced with a tense situation. A business boom is no time to expect basic improvements. In this industry, as in others, the technological situation is explosively out of step with the economic. Improvements cry out for use—but business is unfavorable, or perhaps too favorable.

Perhaps a depression is the cure.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Edited by Godfrey M. Elliott

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the Phoenix Nest

WITH regard to those French forms: I received several chants royal. The best of them is the following, by the poet May Folwell Hoisington, who says I must admit that it is not bad for a grandmother of seventy-four years. She says she can still remember quite clearly when she was two years old—which is much more than *I* can!—and she recalls fireworks of the Philadelphia Centennial (1876) and the military parade!

CHANT ROYAL TO THE KINSEY REPORT

What means this pother? Why is man's face red?
And why such joy along the Schuylkill's bank?
A text-book's sales are winning by a head
Through poison-dope concealed within its frank
Survey of all behavior men would hide
In darkness, whispers, chuckles. Opened wide
Are all the secret animal-retreats
Of shady groves and haunted city streets.
If frail is woman, man is here more frail!
For in this book the curious reader meets
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.

Yet, why the furor? For, when all is said,
What is there in this book that fills a blank
In adult lore of sanctioned marriage-bed
Or bordel, man's wild-oats waxed high and rank?
Did not grandparents' gossiping provide
Matter-of-fact accounts of sinners tried
For bestial acts: the farming country beats
The city purlieus. Modern evil greets
Its same old face within a Bible tale
Or Classic chronicle; the Gest repeats
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.

How often have we smiled in scorn, instead
Of pious praise, to hear the empty clank
Of superstition's tongue; we still are led
To think man, made in God's own image, sank
Through woman's wiles; the Elohim denied,
Those Elder Gods, who wrought in dual pride
Both male and female their Creation feats.
That primitive belief a scribe deletes
And twists to Yahveh's magic Edenvale,
Whose Snake speaks truth while Adam whines deceits:
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.

After the Professorial light is shed
Upon the sinners, one can only thank
His lucky stars that he was gently bred;
And so escaped the pitfalls, foul and dank,
Of those unfortunates who here confide
Their sorry case, through questions deftly plied.
Meanwhile, to bookshops everywhere, the fleets
Of trucks and planes convey the printed sheets
Of Kinsey's book. Supplies will never fail
Until the ultimate "Of-the-Month" escheats
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Arabian Burton, Pillared Lawrence, dead
With banned Lorenzo! Where are those who shrank
From all the pseudo-wisdom thinly spread
On "true confessions" of erotic prank
Or sick perversion? Here's a bolder guide
Meticulous and not to be defied.
Perhaps an odd exclusiveness defeats
The summing-up, as expert toil completes
The weighty tome. The book is now on sale,
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ENVOY

Men, did your Mamas warm your little seats
Spanking with vigor? Then, your counterfeits
Of good behavior lie within the Pale.
Take heart, and leave to Freudian exegetes
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.

* * *

Next, I thank Mrs. Donald Culross Peattie of Santa Barbara, Calif., for a poem done by her son Noel (aged fifteen). The kyrielle is a new kind of verse to me, and I can find nothing about it in the unabridged Webster's Dictionary; but young Mr. Peattie has done a good poem.

THE KYRIELLE

Simple is that silvery rhyme,
The kyrielle, untouched by time,
Yet deeper than a lucid well:
Thus should one shape the kyrielle.

Underneath that sincere cover
Subtle truth and wisdom hover;
The poet writes what they shall tell:
Thus should one shape the kyrielle.

Tempered like Damascus steel
Or spur upon Crusader's heel,
Until it rings a small sweet bell:
Thus should one shape the kyrielle.

* * *

Last, I print a villanelle which came to me some time ago from a doctor who lives in Woodmere, L. I.:

VILLANELLE

(For a poet killed in Spain)

Others who are adept at singing may
Find songs to shake the bastions of hell;
But you and I have not one word to say.

The Minotaur still lives that men must slay,
And who shall wake the sleepers from their spell?
Others who are adept at singing may.

The world has need of poets in this day.
(If you would come again to wish them well!)
But you and I have not one word to say.

Your voice is gone, that once was grand and gay,
An echo now where men who loved you dwell.
Others who are adept at singing may . . .

There was a price that poets had to pay;
There was a town in Spain called Teruel . . .
But you and I have not one word to say.

For you are lost and wordlessly away,
And I am dumb with dreams I dare not tell.
Others who are adept at singing may . . .
But you and I have not one word to say.

ALAN KRINGEL.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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